

The Daily Mirror.

No. 20.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1903.

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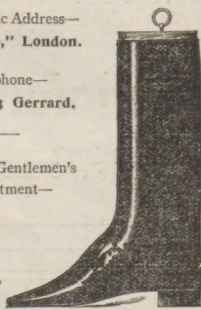
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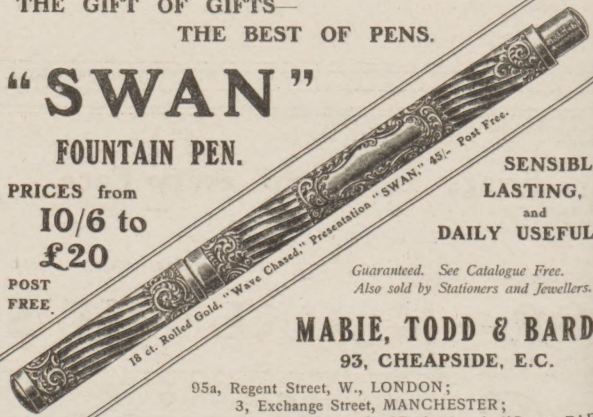
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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty S.W. winds; cloudy, unsettled and mild; rain at times.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.51.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rough.

The Daily Mirror.

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1903.

328th Day of Year.

37 days to Dec. 31.

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To-Day's News at a Glance.

Court Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Nov. 23.

Captain Alfonso de Alencastro Graça, commanding the Brazilian cruiser Benjamin Constant, bearing a message from the President of the Republic of Brazil to the King, was received in audience by his Majesty this morning.

His Majesty the King visited his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House.

The King and Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, and attended by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn, Colonel A. Davidson, and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge, left the Palace for Sandringham this afternoon.

The Queen received Countess Deym, widow of the late Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and Countess Isabella Deym this afternoon.

Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain left Cardiff yesterday by the 2.25 p.m. express, and are proceeding to Shifnal, near Shrewsbury, on a visit to Lord and Lady Bradford.

A religious disturbance occurred at Birkenhead last night, when the anti-ritualistic party mobbed the Bishop of Chester.

The Dean of St. Paul's has intimated that the applications for tickets for the Advent Oratorio on Tuesday, December 1, are already greatly in excess of the number of seats reserved, and that it is useless to apply for more. The greater part of the cathedral is open to the general public.

Sir John Blundell Maple was last night reported much weaker.

Mr. Justice Darling has now so far recovered from a temporary indisposition as to be able to resume his seat at the Old Bailey.

The Marquis of Bath has presented to the inhabitants of Warminster, as a free gift, the town hall erected by his grandfather.

A fresh issue of stock has been made by the South-Eastern Railway in the shape of £1,000,000 in four per cent. convertible preference, with a perpetual right of conversion.

The contract for the Wolverhampton electric tramways has been given to the American Lorain Steel Company.

The Rev. John Hutchison, of the Free Church, St. Ives, Huntingdon, has left the Congregationalist denomination to take orders in the Established Church.

An ex-soldier named Faulkner, who had been entrusted with £200 worth of jewellery by Mr. Bailey, of Aldershot, and decamped last Thursday, was arrested at Birmingham yesterday with part of the stolen goods on him.

A Clyde syndicate is considering the question of a further challenge for the America Cup.

Fire broke out late last night on the premises of Messrs. Layton, Son, and Hodge, Fetter-lane, E.C., twenty-five engines being required to quell the flames, which were practically subdued in an hour.

Jewellery to the value of £1,000 was stolen from the premises of Messrs. Grenfell Frazier and Co., 14 and 16, Edgware-road, early yesterday morning. No arrests have been made.

Political.

At the Queen's Hall meeting this evening, where the Duke of Devonshire will expound his attitude on the fiscal question, Lord Goschen will move, and Lord George Hamilton will second, the principal resolution, expressing the views of the Free Food League.

Free trade and cheap food, said Mr. James Bryce, M.P., speaking at Walsall yesterday, have been of the greatest benefit to the working man, and he will stand to lose most if protection is adopted.

Mr. Chamberlain has signified that he cannot commit himself to the details of his fiscal scheme till he has consulted representatives of all trades interested and Colonial Ministers.

Criticising the Government at Salisbury yesterday Sir Edward Grey said that he believed Mr. Balfour had retaliation on his lips, protection in his thoughts, and taxes on food up his sleeve.

The Premier, who is now in London, has issued summonses for a further meeting of the Cabinet, to be held this week.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., will be entertained to dinner by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations on December 2.

Colonial.

Sir George White opened the new Edward VII. Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute at Gibraltar yesterday.

Mr. Warner's team has defeated New South Wales by an innings and ten runs.

The Ontario Bowling Association has decided to send a team of five rinks to England next year.

Foreign.

The King and Queen of Italy arrived at Pisa at 7.10 a.m. yesterday, and proceeded to the royal residence of San Rossore.

Lord Lansdale was received yesterday by the German Emperor at the New Palace, Berlin.

General Manning and his forces in Somaliland have completed a trying march from Bohotle across the desert to the Galadi wells.

The death is announced of the German Vice-Admiral von Waldersee, brother of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee.

In the French Chamber yesterday M. Delcassé insisted that the Government's intentions regarding Morocco were peaceful, and that it had never entertained the project of a military expedition. France, he added, unreservedly adhered to the Russo-Austrian programme of reforms in the Balkans.

There is much indignation in Vienna over the steadily-increasing price of oil since the formation of the Austro-Hungarian Petroleum Cartel a few days ago. Retail prices have recently advanced fifty per cent.

At the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, on Wednesday, sixteen of Whistler's works "to be put up for sale; among others, the "Nocturne à Venise" and the well-known pastels, "The Woman with the Sunshade," "The Woman with the Fan," and "The Athenian Dancer."

Russia, it is said, is to levy an additional tax on foreigners' passports, payable on leaving the country, and the proceeds are to be made over to the Red Cross Society.

The crew of M. Lebaudy's yacht Frasnica have left the ship owing to that vessel having changed its flag.

Dr. Loewenbach, of Vienna, while on a snow-shoeing excursion on the Rax, near the Austrian capital, on Sunday, was caught by an avalanche and killed.

Several individuals have been arrested on suspicion of having caused a bomb explosion near a Jesuit establishment in Madrid.

Automobile fire-engines have been installed at the fire station of Schöneberg, which serves a large suburban district of Berlin.

During a demonstration of some tulle dressers on strike at Lyons a factory proprietor fired four shots at the crowd. A riot ensued and a general strike has been resolved upon.

Law and Police Courts.

Lady Violet Beauchamp's appeal to set aside the receiving order made against her on a petition of Mrs. Watt was further heard yesterday, but was not concluded.

Mrs. Hooley, the financier's wife, brought an action in the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday against a Manchester firm. Mr. Hooley was in the witness-box, and the hearing was adjourned.—See page 5.

At Marlborough-street yesterday the management of the Palace Theatre of Varieties was fined £10 per day for five days for producing a piece which was a stage play within the meaning of the Theatres Act.

Two boys who wrote threatening letters in connection with the Wryle maiming case were yesterday ordered to be bailed.

The charge of furious driving against Mr. Rupert D'Oyley Carter has been dismissed by the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates. The little girl who was injured by his car is recovering.

Messrs. Vacher and Sons, Parliamentary printers, Westminster, have been awarded by a special jury £8,413 compensation from the London County Council for the compulsory acquisition of their leasehold premises in Millbank-street.

At the North London Police Court yesterday an order was made for the destruction of 3,130 copies of pirated music.

PRINCESS'S FLIGHT.

Supposed Elopement with Her Coachman.

Don Carlos's Daughter Leaves Her Husband and Child.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Monday Night.

News comes to-day from Dresden of another scandal in one of the princely houses of Germany. Princess Alice, wife of Prince Victor Frederick Ernest of Schoenburg-Waldenburg, has disappeared since November 9.

Her coachman, a handsome man, is also missing, and it is believed that they have eloped together. The scandal, concealed at first, has at last become public property, and it is now freely stated that since the Princess's disappearance facts have come out to show that the relations between her and the comely servant had been for some time quite intimate.

The Princess is a daughter of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender. She was married to Prince Frederick Ernest in 1897, and their only son was born scarcely a year and a half ago. The little fellow, thus orphaned by his mother's imprudence, received the unlucky number of thirteen names, but is generally known as Prince Charles Leopold.

The Prince and Princess usually resided at Dresden. Their marriage took place at Venice in 1897, and had an important bearing on the Prince's prospects. He was before marriage an adherent of the Lutheran religion, but, leading to the altar a Princess of a house so attached to the older faith as that of Bourbon, he embraced the Roman Catholic doctrines; and was in consequence disinherited by his parents. With the style of Serene Highness he is only a titular prince, his title being derived from the family property in Thuringia and Bohemia.

The Princess as Nurse.

There had been little to suggest that the Prince and Princess were other than happy in their married life. When his Highness, during the Chinese troubles of 1900, went out to fight in the Russian ranks, the Princess accompanied him, and acted as a nurse. In the case of at least one of Don Carlos's children—the subject of another scandal—there was little doubt that the marriage was one of convenience, but in the case of the Princess Alice it was believed that she had married the man of her choice. After one unfortunate experience Don Carlos allowed his younger daughters liberty, and Alice Ildephonse Marguerite—to give her her full name—was the fifth and youngest child.

The Princess, like her sisters, is more striking than beautiful in appearance, with prominent and rather heavy features.

Another Bourbon Elopement.

The affair painfully recalls the elopement of Princess Alice's elder sister, the Princess Elvira, with the Italian painter Folchi, a married man, seven years ago. Don Carlos's domestic life, like his political career, has indeed been by no means happy. His wife, the Princess Marguerite of Bourbon-Parma, was a lady of great sweetness of disposition, saintly, kind-hearted, and charitable. She had not been in her tomb a year when her father married a second time, taking as his wife a lady younger than his elder daughters, the Princess Bertha of Rohen.

The Princesses were left at Don Carlo's Italian villa of Villaregio, where they were entrusted to the chaplaineage of rather unsympathetic duennas, the widows and wives of Carlist officers. The eldest of the girls, the Princess Bianca, was married to the Austrian Archduke Leopold Salvator. Elvira, the next, was also to have wedded an Austrian Archduke, but the Emperor Francis Joseph vetoed the match.

Princess and Painter.

The bright and lively girl, according to one story, fell in love with an Italian prince. The duenna did everything she could to prevent the course of affection running smooth. She urged her spirited young ward to immerse herself in a convent. The girl, though her gaiety was becoming quenched by her melancholy surroundings, still refused to take this step.

Then the duenna, as a means of inducing the Princess to forget her lover, relented so

far as to admit the painter Folchi to her society. She began to show an inclination for this unprincipled artist, and finally fled with him—not in a weak moment, but voluntarily.

She ran away from the Palace to Florence, met her lover there, and left with him the same day for Paris and America. The rest of the miserable story is soon told. Don Carlos issued a manifesto that his daughter was henceforth dead to him, and refused her her share of the money due under her mother's will—some £35,000, including interest—unless she entered a convent. The scandal of a lawsuit between father and daughter followed, the Princess gaining her case.

The infatuation with Folchi ended as such follies will. In 1893 a Roman Court granted a separation to the artist. The Court made an order of 300 francs a month alimony for the Princess wife!

For some time after her elopement the Princess was employed at a milliner's shop at Washington, where she made bonnets from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Her husband, meanwhile, painted. One pleasing circumstance was that in all her troubles her sisters retained their affection for her, and wrote to her constantly.

THE SOMALI CAMPAIGN.

General Manning's Forced March Across the Desert.

CORNERING THE MULLAH.

The protracted operations in Somaliland have at last entered upon a second stage. On the 11th inst., telegraphs Reuter, General Manning, with the First Infantry Brigade, one company of Somali and three companies of British Mounted Infantry, moved out of Bohotle, under sealed orders, on a forced march of 100 miles across the desert southward.

The advance guard, under Lieut.-Colonel Kenna, reached Galadi at midday on the 15th, and was followed later by the main body. So far, no signs of the enemy had been encountered.

The Galadi wells, the objective of the march, were found unoccupied save for two tattered deserters from the Mullah's army. There had been no rain in this part of the country for several months; the wells were, therefore, low, and there was practically no grazing. The camels and ponies suffered considerably on the march owing to lack of grass or other fodder.

General Manning, having left a garrison of King's African Rifles entrenched at Galadi under the indomitable Colonel Cobbe, with rations sufficient to last them till January 1, set out on the return march to Bohotle.

The object of the expedition was to prevent the Mullah's forces from occupying the Galadi Wells, an action which would make it extremely difficult for the Abyssinians to advance across the eighty miles of waterless desert between Walwal and Wardair and Galadi.

Hopes are entertained that the Abyssinians will eventually occupy Galkayu, which is at present covered by Yusuf Ali from Obbia, and then send forward detachments eastwards to invest the remaining wells on the roads leading southwards from the Hegal valley, a step which would have the active approval of the Italians.

The object of these combined manoeuvres is to prevent the Mullah having access to any of the wells, and thus to leave him the alternatives of death from thirst or a decisive battle.

Numerous native tribes are assisting the British troops, and on Saturday General Egeron, the commander of the field force, held a review of a regiment of native horse commanded by two British officers. These Arab troopers are among the most picturesque and abstemious soldiers in the world. Their scarlet turbans and long, loose white robes form a striking and effective uniform.

JEWELS SHOWN FOR CHARITY.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has hit upon a novel plan for raising funds for the "Marienhau" in Coburg. She has arranged an exhibition of the jewels of herself and her four daughters, the Crown Princess of Roumania, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Hereditary Princess of Hohenzollern-Langenbourg, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg.

The splendour of this unique collection, which is displayed in glass cases in the halls of the ducal castle, will be a powerful attraction. The jewels of the Duchess alone are worth more than three million marks, and they number nearly a thousand articles. Among them are a superb tiara of pearls and diamonds, two necklaces of four and six rows of exquisitely matched pearls, and an anchor of thirty-two first-water diamonds. The fabled glories of Aladdin's cave pale before the actual splendour of the jewels owned by the ladies of the House of Saxe-Coburg.

THE DUCHESS'S HOMECOMING

Eluding Inquisitorial Crowds on an Ocean Liner.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe reached Plymouth yesterday from New York on board the Kaiser Wilhelm II. They did not land, but proceeded to Cherbourg, whence they will proceed to Paris.

Their journey across the Atlantic, as described by our correspondent, who travelled over on the same boat, was an interesting one; not, however, devoid of objectionable incidents, the result of the inordinate curiosity of the other passengers.

The Escape from New York.

The Duke and his bride having somewhat unpleasant memories of the New York crowd took steps to ensure a quiet and unostentatious departure from the city. It was rumoured that they were sailing by the Kaiser Wilhelm II., and in consequence crowds of reporters and sightseers assembled in the vicinity of the vessel and the offices of the company. All the inquirers, however, were told that the passenger list did not contain the names of the Duke and Duchess, and thus the curiosity hunters were nipped.

The steamer had been at sea a day when a second edition of the passenger list was published, and upon it, with a column to themselves, were the names of the two distinguished passengers. Immediately following its publication curiosity was unblushingly displayed by nearly all on board. Mistakes in identification were of momentary occurrence, the most unsuspecting and innocent among the passengers occasionally finding themselves the centre of a crowd of inquisitive fellow-passengers, who had come to the conclusion that at last they had found the right people.

The finest suite of rooms was taken by the Duke and Duchess. It contained, in addition to the state room, a dining room, sitting room, and bathroom. The Duke and Duchess rarely left their apartments throughout the journey.

A Discovery and a Crowd.

On one occasion they did venture on the promenade deck, and as soon as they were identified a rush of passengers took place. Crowds encircled them, making free and varied comments. The Duchess, they thought, looked hardly so young as they expected, and the Duke they summed up as a good sort of fellow of whom they would have no hesitation in asking a favour. Once afterwards the Duke appeared amongst passengers—it was at a concert on the last night afloat—but he remained for only a few minutes.

At Paris the Duke and Duchess will await the arrival of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and will then go to Scotland.

The voyage is described as a phenomenally calm and pleasant one, the Atlantic having the appearance of a lake.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Isabel Innes-Ker have arrived at Floors Castle, Kelso, to arrange for the homecoming of the Duke of Roxburghe and his bride. The young couple are to be accorded a very hearty welcome by the townspeople, and the opportunity is also to be taken of presenting numerous marriage gifts.

POLAR EXPLORERS FOUND.

Rescue of the Nordenskjöld Expedition to the Antarctic.

The Swedish scientific expedition to the Antarctic, headed by Baron Otto Nordenskjöld, concerning the safety of which much anxiety has been felt, has been found by the Argentine mission sent out in search. The relief ship Uruguay has brought Baron Otto Nordenskjöld and his comrades to Rio Gallegos, at the extreme south-eastern corner of Patagonia. The Uruguay found the officers of the expedition on Louis Philippe Land and the remaining members on Seymour Island.

Baron Nordenskjöld's expedition left Falmouth on the steam yacht Antarctic in October, 1901, and he expected to be home again early in the present year. The object was not to make a dash for the Pole, but to pursue scientific studies in the unknown Antarctic. The ship was to land the chiefs of the expedition on the coast of King Oscar Land, and then return to the Falkland Islands, returning the next spring to pick them up.

The expedition consisted of twenty-nine men, with fifteen dogs, sledges, and specially constructed houses. Nothing had been heard of the Baron and his comrades after they left civilisation, and a Swedish expedition and a French expedition, the latter under Dr. Charcot, were organised to search for them. Meanwhile the Uruguay, with Dr. Moreno, of the La Plata Museum, on board, was despatched to the south to beat the other two, and the efforts of the Argentines have been crowned with success. It seems Baron Nordenskjöld's ship, the Antarctic, was crushed by ice on February 12.

The "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" has, says Laffan, interviewed Captain Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, who believes that the fact of Baron Nordenskjöld's rescue is of enormous scientific importance, as their explorations are sure to greatly extend geological knowledge of the southernmost regions of the earth.

ITALIAN ROYALTIES HOME.

Reported Attempt to Derail Their Train.

The King and Queen of Italy arrived safely yesterday morning at their residence, San Rossore, at Pisa. They were in excellent health, and had enjoyed in perfect comfort the homeward journey from England.

Meantime, there comes from Cherbourg news of an attempt which was made to derail the train by which their Majesties travelled on Saturday. The district superintendent of the Western France Railway found five large stones laid on the line over which the royal train was due to pass, and it is said that the stones were placed there by a French colonial soldier who was one of those told off to patrol the line. The man was arrested and brought before the military authorities.

Their Majesties, however, are said to be unaware of the incident.

The King of Italy, through Signor Pansa, the Italian Ambassador in London, has sent the munificent donation of £1,000 to the Italian Hospital at Queen-square, as a special mark of his Majesty's approval of the hospital's work, and of his regret that time did not allow his Majesty to personally visit the institution.

The Mayor of Windsor (Mr. Wm. Shipley) has received the Order of the Crown of Italy, and a similar decoration has been conferred on Captain J. D. Hickey, superintendent of the Royal Mews at Windsor Castle.

ANGLO-ITALIAN RELATIONS.

Reuter's Agency learns that neither in official nor diplomatic circles in London is anything known which might tend to confirm the report that the basis of a treaty of arbitration between Italy and Great Britain had been agreed upon.

No new development of international policy is to be expected, Reuter adds, from the recent conference at Windsor between Lord Lansdowne and Signor Tittoni, the Italian Foreign Minister, which has, however, served to confirm the cordial relations that have so long existed between the two nations.

DEVOTION ILL REPAID.

Sightless Husband Kills a Spouse who had Tenderly Cared for Him.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday Night.

The small town of Largentière was startled this morning by a crime at once pathetic and horrible.

Eugene Suchon was a man of good family, who had been blind from birth. The only light on his sad existence has been for the last six years the devotion of his wife, Clarisse, a charming woman of thirty-five, who fell in love with him. That love, so akin to pity, has cared for and nursed him devotedly since they were married.

The Suchons had two children, and till to-day's tragedy occurred their lives were as happy as could be in view of the husband's affliction. Suchon was often irritable, and sometimes subject to outbursts of rage, in which he would smash everything within reach of the stick he always carried.

This morning, in one of these outbursts over a trivial matter, he laid hold of the table knife and stabbed his wife who, with a groan, fell dead at his feet. The wretched man tried to revive her, and called his children to tell him whether she moved and how she looked. The poor babies, frightened, ran crying from the room.

As he heard the door close behind him Suchon seized the knife again, and stabbed himself to the heart.

THE NEW MAGDA.

Last night Louise Hanbrich-Willig, from the Royal Court Theatre, Wiesbaden, made her first appearance in the rôle of Magda, perhaps the best known, and certainly the greatest, work of Sudermann. She has already made a great reputation in her own country in serious drama. She is a tall and striking woman, still young, and of magnetic personality.

The chief characteristic of her acting is its finely human feeling. She responds to every emotion and every movement of the character—a strange mixture of humour, pathos, and tragic power.

It is not easy to make a comparison between women of such diverse yet decided excellence as Bernhardt and Duse, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (who have all played Magda in London), and this gifted German player. All one can say is that Louise Hanbrich-Willig's reading of the character of the wanderer from the fold of bourgeois respectability is characterised by sweetness and delicacy, while her rendering of the more powerful and passionate passages is marked by greater restraint. She does not tear a passion to tatters, and never approaches hysteria.

From beginning to end she carried her audience with her, and at the end received repeated recalls.

GOLDEN HARPS FROM ROME.

The Empire last night provided one of the best and prettiest items that has been seen on the stage of a London music-hall for a long time. This, a band of fair Roman harpists, nineteen in all, filling the stage and transforming it into a picture of white and gold, appealed at once to the fancy of the audience, and delighted them by an exceptionally charming recital.

THE "LITTLE HEIR."

Case Against Polish Count and Countess Nearly Ended.

The end of the sensational "Little Count" trial at Berlin is approaching.

The Countess Kwilecka, one of the Polish aristocracy, is accused, with her husband, of putting forward a child not her own as her heir. The prosecution allege that the Count and Countess were pressed for money, and their relatives forbade them raising further funds on their entailed estates. It was understood, however, that the objection would be removed if a child were born, and the relatives suggest that the Countess procured the child of a peasant woman, and adopted it as her own.

A commission of two doctors and an artist has, however, reported that the child—a bright, vivacious, black-eyed boy of six—shows a remarkable likeness to the aristocratic, white-haired Countess. Yesterday was (says Reuter) entirely occupied by the speeches of counsel.

The questions for the jury to decide are, in the case of the Count and Countess, whether the child is legitimate or not, and in the case of the other persons accused, whether they are guilty of perjury and of abetting the Countess.

The crowd was so great that counsel for the defence could hardly make his way into the court.

STAGE PLAYS AT MUSIC HALLS.

The Question Decided Against the Palace Theatre.

To be or not to be a "stage play," that was the question which Mr. Denman, the sitting magistrate, had to pronounce upon at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday afternoon, when he resumed the hearing of the test action brought by the Theatrical Managers' Association against the Palace Theatre.

Was "La Toledad" a "stage-play," or was it an ordinary music-hall "turn," was the question at issue. For if it was a stage-play, it had been produced without the Lord Chamberlain's licence; and, if it was a music-hall "turn," it was an uncommonly long turn—a turn, indeed, that so much resembled a stage-play that the theatrical managers would have to fear for their rights if the production of such pieces were permitted at music halls. Wherefore the Theatrical Managers' Association had issued a test challenge.

Evidence was forthcoming that "La Toledad" began life as a full-fledged comic opera, and that it had been boiled down into a one-act piece to meet the requirements of the Palace Theatre of Varieties.

The learned magistrate decided that a stage play was a drama that combined the "excitement of emotion with the representation of action," and that, as "La Toledad" fulfilled either function, it must be condemned. The defence, he remarked, like the nursemaid in "Peter Simple," had excused themselves by saying "it was only a little one." They would have to pay the sum of £10 a day on five performances, and "La Toledad" must be withdrawn.

It is possible that the case may be re-argued before a higher court.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S CHIVALRY.

An interesting illustration of Prince Bismarck's character was given at the Bonn University Rectorial banquet held on Saturday by Dr. von Rottenburg, the Rector of the University. "Many years ago," he said, "Germany was deeply insulted by a nation otherwise distinguished for chivalry. Count Caprivi, who was at that time head of the Ministry of the Imperial Navy, was asked to express an opinion as to Germany's chances in the event of war, and said, 'We should have a gallant opponent, who, however, owing to inferior war matériel, would not be able to offer a serious resistance.' Thereupon Prince Bismarck decided that he could not recommend the Emperor to appeal to the sword and that arbitration must be resorted to, for, he said, 'a vainqueur sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire.'"

Dr. von Rottenburg evidently referred to the dispute which arose between Germany and Spain in 1885 with regard to the Caroline Islands.

A GUIDE TO THE FISCAL QUESTION.

The fiscal question in a nutshell should be the sub-title of a little threepenny book which will shortly be issued by the "Daily Mail."

It will give every important point in the fiscal controversy in the fewest possible words; it will be a mine of statistics compiled from the Board of Trade returns, and it will find place for the arguments advanced by both parties without fear or favour.

In addition to the special articles recently published in the "Daily Mail," under the heading of "The Fiscal A.B.C.," new chapters will be added describing the position of the worker under a free trade régime and one of protection; exposing the injuries that certain industries have suffered under the present system, and going into Mr. Chamberlain's scheme in all its details.

Orders for the "Daily Mail" Fiscal Red Book should be placed at once.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

AMERICAN SENSATIONALISM.

An American has offered £8,000 for the furniture of the bedroom of the murdered King and Queen of Serbia. He wanted it for an exhibition. The Serbian Government has refused the offer.

HOTEL GUESTS BURNED OUT.

The London Hotel at Calais was entirely destroyed by fire in the small hours of yesterday morning. Nothing of the building remains excepting the four walls. Wonderful to say, nobody was hurt; but a number of people escaped in the raw cold weather in the scantiest clothing.

TRIAL OF CHINESE REFORMERS.

The "virtuous judge" has been found by the Chinese Government, and the trial of the Chinese editors of the reform newspaper "Sunpo," who are charged with publishing seditious matter in their journal, will begin at Shanghai next Monday. The Shanghai city magistrate has been appointed to try the case with a British assessor.

"FREDERICK THE SILENT."

An interesting German personality has just passed away. Frederick Timmow, confidential valet to Prince Bismarck, was always known as "Frederick the Silent," being taciturn to a degree. He was not only the servant, but the confident, of his great master, but was never once known to divulge the most simple or unimportant fact concerning Bismarck's life.

A MILLIONAIRE'S PREDICAMENT.

A daring attempt by the Macedonian Committees to levy contributions for the insurgents is reported by Reuter's correspondent at Sofia. Two agents, disguised as teachers, presented themselves at the private office of M. Ghecof, a millionaire, an ex-Minister, and the Leader of the National Party. They demanded the sum of 50,000 francs (about £2,000) from M. Ghecof for the funds of the Committee, threatening to kill him and to blow up his house with dynamite in the event of a refusal. M. Ghecof gave the men two drafts for the amount demanded, and next day had them arrested.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S LABOUR GUESTS.

President Roosevelt is giving another illustration of his unconventional methods, by arranging to entertain seven labour leaders. They have arrived at Washington, and are quartered at a hotel as the President's guests, there being no room for them at the White House.

Senators from the Western States and other politicians criticise the President's action, alleging that his guests are the leaders of trade unions which have repeatedly terrorised the mining towns in Idaho and Montana. Laffan gives the report that President Roosevelt requested the railroad companies to give his guests free passes to Washington.

A SILENT BANQUET.

The dinner and subsequent dance of the Association Amicale of the deaf and dumb, of Paris, were most interesting events on Sunday evening. The strangeness of the absence of the human voice was partly balanced by the wonderful amount of expression and animation that the deaf and dumb were able to put into gestures and the finger language. Speeches, both spoken and by finger, were delivered, and were fully comprehended. At the dance which followed the dinner it was remarkable to see with what precision and order the dances were gone through, seeing that there was no sound of the music which usually accompanies such amusement.

TOD SLOAN CLAIMS £8,000.

When Tod Sloan was prevented from further riding in England by the withdrawal of his license he crossed to France, where he obtained employment as a trainer of racehorses. One of the horses in his charge, called Rose de Mai, was entered for the Prix de Diane, but such gloomy reports were circulated as to its condition that it fell from being favourite to a very low place in the betting.

The horse won. Paris considered it had been tricked, and made a hostile demonstration against Sloan. Sloan was, after investigation, excluded from the pesage and its vicinity on all the racetracks over which the French Jockey Club had jurisdiction.

He considered this illegal, and sued for £8,000 damages from the club for the prejudice it has created against him. M. de Lamoignon appeared for him, and argued for four hours yesterday in his client's favour. The case was adjourned for a week.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE SETTLEMENT.

We were treated in the City yesterday with a most banking failure. The firm was that of Messrs. John Brown and Co., and the ladies were so much impressed by the matter on the Stock Exchange or in the City.

Generally speaking, stock markets were in good form. There was quite a fair amount of business, seeing that the fortnightly settlement commenced yesterday in London and commences to-day in the general markets. It is not conducive to business, so naturally the market dealers were thankful. Confidence in the money market means to hoist prices, and the contributing influence of the Government placed its treasury bills yesterday and better terms, for itself, than had been expected, this, implying easy money conditions, was of good omen. But Consols are practically unaltered. In a note of £1,000,000 of Four per Cent. Convertible Preference at "par" by the South Eastern Railway, House means a dear stock even in these "hard times," and Railway issues were put better. A little buying showed that there is no stock about.

A BAG OF SWALLOWS.

Surrey Sportsmen in Search of Pheasants.

The Game of the Pleasant Surprise.

Mr. Edward George Bates, a builder and contractor, of Oak Lodge, Thornton Heath, being desirous to shoot, rented, for the season, an estate "said to comprise" 550 acres of woodland, pasture, and arable land at Cade Street Farm, Heathfield, Sussex, the owner being Mr. Horace Scott Laycock, of Tulse Hill. These 550 acres were said to be well stocked with at least 500 to 600 pheasants, 1,500 rabbits, and smaller game, such as wood-pigeons and woodcocks.

Mr. Laycock, in an interview with his tenant, said that it would be impossible to guarantee the bag, but that the game was to be had for the shooting. Consequently Mr. Edward George Bates was induced to part with the sum of £100 on account of a total payment of £150 for the season.

The Day of Swallows.

On September 18, all being ready, Mr. E. G. Bates, accompanied by a select party of sportsmen, keepers, and beaters, began to shoot. The 550 acres were turned upside down, but, apparently, nothing could be seen to show the existence of the 500 pheasants or of the 1,500 rabbits. Not even the smaller game, such as wood pigeons and woodcocks, fluttered a feather. After a long and fruitless search the party returned homeward bearing a couple of swallows that had fallen to the gun of a marksman, rendered desperate by the day's futility.

A second attempt was more fortunate. Early in October a party of six guns, assisted by a numerous following, brought down eight pheasants and a partridge. They also secured a few rabbits, and wound up the day by firing at pieces of paper fixed to the hedges.

On October 30 came a final effort to make the 550 acres give up its game.

On that date Mr. Bates, accompanied by nine "professional guns," two friends, and sixteen beaters, spent an eventful day at Cade Street Farm. Their bag was one pigeon, two pheasants, and seven rabbits. Whereupon Mr. Bates wrote to Mr. Laycock, observing that the shoot was a swindle and that he had obtained money under false pretences.

Mr. Laycock replied, asking for the balance of £150, and saying that in default of further payment, he should consider the transaction closed. Mr. Bates rejoined that the transaction, far from being closed, had just begun. Mr. Laycock, he added, was nothing but a liar, and a swindler, whom he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing in the dock.

Out of this polite letter writing has issued a case that has already enlivened the Croydon Borough Police Court. Its further hearing was resumed yesterday, and, in addition to the particulars already enumerated, it was discovered that four of the pheasants were a pleasant surprise arranged by the head keeper.

Pheasants Placed to Order.

T. Allen, a Heathfield carpenter, confided to the Bench that, acting under the instructions of Strudwick, the head keeper, on October 1 he assisted to place three pheasants in a specially dug hole. Another bird was placed in a hen-coop, and all covered over. The hole was covered with boards, which were covered with earth and leaves.

Alderman Jost: Were there any more pheasants there?—Only the four, sir. (Laughter.)

The shoot took place on the following day, the gentlemen from Croydon arriving about eleven. Before lunch time the party of sportsmen got near the spot where the pheasants were concealed. The guns approached, and the beaters got into line.

What did you do?—I did what I had to do—I pulled the string and the board came away. (Loud laughter.)

The Clerk: And the pheasants came forth? Witness: Yes, all four of them.

Edgar Strudwick, the head keeper, then admitted his share in this remarkable episode. He placed the four pheasants in a hole on his own responsibility "to make sport for the party."

But all this was as nothing compared to what he had done for a Mr. Pye Smith. Forty pheasants had been released for this gentleman, to say nothing of ten guinea-fowl.

The defendant, Mr. Laycock, put all the blame for the absence of game on the weather. Fifteen thousand tons of rain had fallen on the estate during the year. It was the worst season on record, and the birds and rabbits had been drowned in thousands.

Finally the Bench stopped the case, and concluded that no jury would convict of a criminal offence. The summons was therefore dismissed, and the prosecutor ordered to pay the court fees.

ALLEGORY IN HAIR.

A quaint ceremony was witnessed last night at the Portman Rooms, when an exhibition of historical, allegorical, and modern hairdressing took place. The odour of singing pervaded the room as the artists plied their curling-tongs, fully imbued with the solemnity of the occasion. Among the works of art evolved was an allegory representing "Harvest," and two historical head-dresses, a "Duchess of Devonshire," and a "Louis XVI." The audience was a critical one, composed almost exclusively of "hair specialists."

MR. HOOLEY'S FINANCE.

How the Bankrupt Acted as his Wife's Agent.

Mrs. Hooley, wife of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the financier who has for years attracted so much public attention, was the plaintiff in an interesting action before the Lord Chief Justice yesterday.

The case had reference to the Sapphire Corundum Company, about which a good deal has been heard in the Law Courts and elsewhere.

In the action yesterday the defendant was Mr. Frederick Handel Booth, of Manchester, from whom Mrs. Hooley sought to recover £2,500 for 30,000 shares in the Corundum Company, said to be sold by Mrs. Hooley to Mr. Booth. The latter contended that he had paid £200 for 5,000 of the shares, and that the remaining 25,000 were given him to enable him to reconstruct the company, of which he was at one time chairman.

Mr. Booth also counter-claimed for the return of his £200, on the ground of misrepresentation.

History of The Corundum.

According to Mrs. Hooley's counsel, the lady had taken no part in the transactions, though she was the nominal plaintiff. Her husband, who was still an undischarged bankrupt, had acted as the agent of his wife. In 1902 Mr. Hooley was approached with a view to assisting in the promotion of the Corundum Company, which owned undeniably valuable property in Canada. The directors were then men of high position in Canada, one of them being a Cabinet Minister.

After Mr. Hooley had taken steps in the matter Mr. Booth called on him, and said he wished to become chairman of the company. He agreed to buy 5,000 shares at 2s., and Mr. Hooley accepted £200 on account.

After Mr. Booth had joined the board, newspaper attacks were made on the company. Mr. Booth went to Canada, to investigate for himself, and on his return said he was perfectly satisfied. Then he said he would like 25,000 more shares, for which he agreed to pay 2s. each. These shares, however, Mr. Booth contended, were given him to help in a reconstruction of the company.

Mr. Hooley admitted that it was owing to his wife not paying £10,000 which she promised to provide for working capital that the company was forced into liquidation. His wife did not pay this sum because some of the Canadian gentlemen who were on the board retired in consequence of newspaper attacks upon the company.

Not "Annie Marias."

Witness had never said that Mrs. Hooley was a wealthy woman, and that she was good for the balance of the working capital.

Don't you carry about Mrs. Hooley's cheques with you, and sign them as you want them?—I have always two or three. I don't call them "Annie Marias." (Laughter.)

Mr. Hooley stated that he handed Mr. Booth the transfer of the 25,000 shares in blank. He received no money, and there was no agreement.

Do you call that a sale?—I sold them to you.

Mr. Booth, in presenting his case, said Mr. Hooley told him there was plenty of working capital, and they had £10,000 at the bank. When witness complained that Mr. Hooley had deceived him, Mr. Hooley said it was the same as if the working capital was in the bank, because his wife had the money and had three estates in the country. He never agreed to buy the shares at 2s. each.

Mr. Atherton Jones: Did this company ever go to the public?—Not in a regular manner. But in a surreptitious fashion?—Yes. (Laughter.)

Mr. George H. Cawston was examined by Mr. Booth. He said he was connected with Mr. Hooley, and had carried out operations to the extent of £140,000 or £150,000.

Mr. Hooley, said Mr. Cawston, had been in communication with him the evening before, and had asked him not to go to the court. "Why don't you stop in bed and say you are ill?" said Mr. Hooley. This statement, it should be noted, had been denied by Mr. Hooley in his evidence.

When did you cease to be on friendly terms with Mr. Hooley?—When he kicked me out of the flat on June 19. (Laughter.)

The hearing was adjourned.

PLEADING FOR A WIFE.

Impassioned Appeal on Behalf of a Lonely Woman.

A most remarkable letter, written by a servant, was read in the Divorce Court yesterday. The case is one in which a Mr. Taylor, of Nottingham, seeks a divorce from his wife, with whom he eloped while she was a school-girl. The wife, after their separation, expressed tender regard for her husband, and repeatedly asked for him to be reconciled.

Mary Smith, formerly in the service of the couple, and describing herself as a most intimate friend of Mrs. Taylor, wrote the following eloquent appeal to Mr. Taylor last August:

Dear Mr. Taylor,—I hope you won't mind this liberty which I am about to take in sending this letter. It is an appeal from my heart to your heart for dear Mrs. Ina (Mrs. Taylor).

She comes down here every morning and sits until evening nearly always. It is heart-breaking to see and hear her longing for you. She wishes she might die. She loves you so faithfully that she would sooner die than live without you. If you try to divorce her she would never marry. She seems to have no future and no interest in life, and if she did not care for you so devotedly she would not trouble you.

She is now staying in the same town, hoping to catch a glimpse of you as you pass by. And when you have passed and gone her poor heart thumps like a big hammer, and she goes, oh! so white. I dare say, on my solemn oath, she has never done anything wrong. Think of her feelings at being thrown out of house and home, and the most sacred ties broken. Sit down and have a long, splendid thought. Then get up and turn your heart towards her.

She has passed through more than enough, and how young to have had it to bear. . . . All she wants is you. What a wonderful love she must have for you! You have made her pass through all these dark hours, and she still loves you just the same. Let me plead for her. . . . Take her once more to your breast. She is your little treasure, for which you would be rewarded tenfold.

Mr. Justice Bucknill gave the witness a high compliment. "That letter," he said, "if you will allow me to say so, does you the highest credit."

The case was adjourned.

LAW FOR MOTORISTS.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Accident not a Case for a Criminal Court.

Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte has been acquitted of responsibility to a criminal tribunal for the unfortunate motor-car accident in the Portsmouth road, at Long Ditton last Sunday week, by which a three-year-old child, named Theodora Franklin, was seriously injured.

Mr. Gill, K.C., who appeared at the court for Mr. D'Oyly Carte, argued that the accident was the result of inadvertence, and not of criminal negligence. He was proceeding when the chairman of the Bench (Mr. W. J. Cockburn) interposed.

"I will read," he said, "the opinion of myself and my brother Justices, 'I am of opinion that there is a great difference between the negligence on which a civil action could be founded and the culpable negligence which has to be proved in order to sustain a criminal charge.'"

Mr. Gill: That is exactly my proposition. It is one of those lamentable instances—

The Chairman: We won't trouble you any further. The Bench are of opinion that the culpable negligence which must be proved to sustain a criminal charge has not been proved, and the case is at an end.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE M.C.C. TEAM.

The English team of cricketers touring Australia accomplished a fine performance at Sydney yesterday by defeating the strong New South Wales eleven by an innings and ten runs. The M.C.C. bowling and fielding were exceptionally good all through the match, and even in colonial circles it is admitted that the combination will have a very fine chance in the test matches, the first of which commences on December 11.

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. Mark Lennard, fifth son of the late Mr. Arthur Paget, and Miss Gertrude Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. W. B. Paget, at Loughborough.

Mr. Harold Egerton Dennis, of Capel, Surrey, and Miss Evelyn Mortimer, of Holmwood, Surrey, at Capel Church.

Mr. Middleton Kemp and Miss Dalton, at Eton.

General.

Children's Happy Evenings Association: Doll Show, Bath House, 3 to 5.

The Duke of Devonshire, supported by Lord Goschen, presides at a meeting of the Free Food League, Queen's Hall.

Mr. Chamberlain at Cardiff.

Sale.

Kendal, Milne & Co., of Manchester, offer for sale this week all their exhibits at the recent Irish Industries sale at Windsor.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

HEALTH OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

Alarmist reports were in circulation yesterday concerning the health of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is now eighty-three years of age. We are able to state that the distinguished author is much better.

LORD ENNISKILLEN INJURED.

The Earl of Enniskillen, while riding back from the North Cheshire Hunt yesterday, was run into by a carriage. Horse and rider were knocked down, and his lordship was run over and sustained severe bruises on the legs and body.

THE LOST TRAM TICKET.

To the inconvenience of having on some branches of the London County Council tramways, to change from one car to another there is frequently the added annoyance of having to pay a second time owing to the loss, often quite excusable in such circumstances, of the original transfer ticket. Mr. Hawke, of Brixton, changed from a cable to a horse-car at Brixton, and in transit lost his ticket. He objected to pay again, but yesterday at Lambeth it was pointed out to him that it was the universal practice on tramways and railways to pay unless a ticket could be produced. He was also fined half-a-crown with 10s. costs.

GETTING MARRIED SLOWLY.

What could be more unfortunate than that a prospective bridegroom, radiant and happy, waiting with his bride-to-be in the church for the appearance of the clergyman who is to unite them in matrimony, should suddenly discover that he has forgotten the registrar's certificate? Yet such a contretemps happened at Rickmansworth, in Herts, yesterday. The bridal party had assembled in the local Baptist church and everything was in readiness but the necessary document; this the prospective bridegroom had forgotten to obtain, and though messages were despatched in hot haste to Watford to get it the certificate arrived too late for the marriage to take place.

BRIGHTON NEARING LONDON.

While schemes are being laid, and then laid by, for reaching Brighton in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, emulating the tortoise rather than the hare, are gradually creeping with their double-track over the fifty or more intervening miles between London and the popular Sussex resort. They started to make the double track from London to Earlswood, a distance of twenty-one and three-quarter miles, and are now engaged in building the extra bridge accommodation over the Thames alongside that at Grosvenor-road. At no very remote date daily trains will be making the journey in something under an hour.

PUBLIC OFFICIAL CONVICTED.

T. W. Calverley, lately a sanitary inspector for the Westminster Corporation told a restaurant-keeper named Houssier that he would have to pay £700 for alterations to his premises, and because on his premises were found some bad meat and bad spinach. He asked for £20 as a bribe to stop the proceedings which he said would be commenced.

When he went to receive the money there was a detective-inspector under the table, who heard Calverley demand the money. As soon as it was paid over the officer came out of his hiding-place and arrested Calverley.

Yesterday at the Old Bailey Mr. Justice Darling sent him to prison for twelve months with hard labour.

"MAN UNDER THE CAR."

While watching a man who was nearly run over in the Westminster Bridge-road last Tuesday night, a Lambeth hairdresser named Loney was himself knocked down by a tram horse. This road is so badly lighted that nothing more was seen of him, and as the running of the car was in no way impeded it was thought he had rolled clear of the wheels. The car proceeded for a quarter of a mile, when the driver stopped on hearing the cry, "Man under the car!" Loney was then found entangled in the gearing. He had been carried in that state for a quarter of a mile, and he died in hospital three days later.

To their verdict of Accidental Death the jury added a recommendation condemning as inadequate the lighting of the Westminster Bridge-road, which is the terminus of many L.C.C. electric tramways.

RACING AT WARWICK.

There was a good attendance at the opening day of the Warwick meeting yesterday. The races, which were confined to hurdle jumping and steeplechasing, resulted as follows:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Wellesbourne (Sts. Range)	Donnelly	Donnelly	8 to 1
Hutton Selling (44)	Empress	Butchers	9 to 2
Warwick-Aun (40)	Liberty	Lyall	3 to 1
Upson Selling (40)	Boy Jim	Mr. Hawker	10 to 1
Castle Hur. (40)	Fits and Starts	Matthews	4 to 6
4-mington H. (40)	Mysterie	Mr. Hawker	10 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

To-day is given over to flat racing, and the following horses may be the form:—Emancipator Handicap—Lady Beth or Goldfish; Spa Nursery—Lady Councilor Colt or Undine Fly; November Handicap—Australian Colours or Winkfield's Charm; Badbrooke Stakes—Belinda Tor.

Some heavy watering took place yesterday in connection with the Manchester November Handicap, for which fifteen candidates were supported in an open race. The Netheravon colt, Lord Rosmore, was the medium of a genuine commission at shortening rates down to 6 to 1, after opening at 10 to 1, among the wagers booked being 500 to 100, 1,600 to 200, 5,000 to 600, 2,100 to 300, and 3,000 to 500. Gold Lock and St. Moritz were also in good demand at 100 to 1, as also were Clarendon and Thunderbolt, each of whom met with frequent recognition at 100 to 6.



SIR HENRY THOMPSON TELLS HOW THE AGE OF 84 MAY BE REACHED.

WE begin to-day a series of articles on a subject that is of interest to every human being.

We are all deeply concerned about our food, what is good for us to eat, and what bad. In these articles we shall discuss the most suitable diets for people of all constitutions, ages, occupations, and temperaments, beginning with sketches of the views which famous doctors hold on the question generally.

Further than this, we shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who are in difficulties with regard to their diet, and to advise them as to the best course they can pursue. This advice will naturally be given by a medical man, who is specially skilled in such matters, and who will give each case careful study.

Our first article deals with the opinions on diet of that famous physician Sir Henry Thompson.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S VIEW.

SENSE AND SIMPLICITY.

"I have for some years past been compelled by facts which are constantly coming before me to accept the conclusion that as much mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigour, and of shortened life, accrues to civilised man... from erroneous habits in eating as from the habitual use of alcoholic drink."

The opinion of one who may be justly described as the Grand Old Man of medical science deserves careful consideration. He has himself reached the patriarchal age of eighty-four, with, as he says, mental and bodily energies unimpaired. He has put his own theories into practice, and it would be well if his books on "Food and Feeding" and "Diet" were an essential part of every family library.

Sir Henry Thompson thinks we all eat too much from our earliest years. He speaks, for instance, of the unfortunate children who are forced by their fond parents to eat meat at ages when they have neither the need nor the taste for it.

People leading purely sedentary lives eat as much as the navy or the athlete—and complain of indigestion! Three meat meals a day is a common average among people who take no exercise. The wonder is not that their middle and old age are passed in a constant warfare with disease and ill-health, but rather that they should live so long.

The hunting man, the golfer, and the salmon fisher may eat pretty well what they please. The country gentleman about his estate, and the clergyman in the country parish are not likely to become, as we absurdly say, "martyrs to indigestion." But, unhappily, most of us are obliged to live in towns, and for us the problem of diet is of great importance.

We must look to it that we do not meet with the fate of the Strasburg geese—types, as Sir Henry delicately suggests, of multitudes of men and women about us.

A Scientific Diet.

How far the dietary of the scientist differs from that in general use may be gathered from the system advocated by Sir Henry Thompson for elderly people.

"The animal food supplied for breakfast and at lunch may include eggs or fish cooked in various well-known ways.

"At lunch a little tender meat or fowl may be taken, unless they are preferred for dinner, in which case fish and a farinaceous pudding may be substituted. This last-named meal should generally commence with a little good *consommé*, often substituting a vegetable *purée*, varying with the season, and made with a light meat stock or broth, or a good fish soup as a change.

"Then a little fowl or game and a dish of vegetable, according to the time of year. Finally, perhaps, some light farinaceous pudding, with or without fruit, should close the meal, which will be a light one in regard to quantity.

"Lastly, supper; a very light refreshment may be advantageously taken the very last thing before entering bed, at about eleven or so, as it favours sleep. All animals feed before resting for the night. Few meals are more undesirable for man than a heavy supper, which severely taxes digestion. But elderly men especially require some easily digested food to support them during the long fast of night.

"It is well known that the forces of the body are at their minimum at four or five a.m.; and this may be well provided for by taking about 5 or 6 oz. of *consommé* with 1 oz. of thin toasted bread, served in the bedroom, as above said."

Health, Good Temper, and Long Life.

If we adopt his regimen Sir Henry Thompson promises us health, good spirits, good temper, and length of years. But we must submit to sacrifices. Water, he tells us, is better than wine. Beer is impossible. Tea must be weak. We must not drink at meals.

If there is any tendency to obesity, fat meats, such as bacon and ham, must be eschewed, together with milk in any quantity, cream, potatoes, pastry, rice, sago, tapioca, and cornflour. Sweetened milk puddings constitute "a combination of 'carbohydrates' of the most fattening kind."

Everything, even the softest of foods, must be well masticated. Sir Henry even advises that children at school should be taught how to eat!

When the Colonial delegates were in Lon-

don for the Diamond Jubilee they complained that they were being "dined to death." How many a candidate for mayoral honours has fallen out of the race with a constitution shattered by City dinners?

In a smaller but no less insidious way the wife of a man's bosom too often, by her mistaken kindness, saps the springs of his vitality.

It is impossible to deny that an unsuspected source of discomfort, which in time may become disease, sometimes threatens the head of the household—a source which I would gladly pass over, if duty did not compel me to notice it, owing as it is to the sedulous and tender care taken by the devoted, anxious partner of his life, who in secret has long noted and grieved over her lord's declining health and force.

"She observes that he is now more fatigued than formerly after the labours of the day, is less vigorous for business, for exercise, or for sport, less energetic every way in design and execution. She naturally desires to see him stronger, to sustain the enfeebled power which age is necessarily undermining; and with her there is but one idea, and it is practically embodied in one method, viz., to increase his force by augmenting his nourishment! She remonstrates at every meal at what she painfully feels is the insufficient portion of food he consumes."

"Killing With Kindness."

"He pleads in excuse, almost with the consciousness of guilt, that he has really eaten all that appetite permits, but he is besought with plaintive voice and affectionate entreaty 'to try and take a little more,' and, partly as a faint internal sigh he may confess to himself 'for peace and comfort's sake,' he assents, and with some violence to his nature forces his palate to comply, thus adding a slight burden to the already satiated stomach."

"Or if perchance, endowed with a less compliant nature, he is churlish enough to decline the proffered advice, and even to question the value of a cup of strong beef-tea, or egg whipped up with sherry, which, unsought, has pursued him to his study, or been sent to his office between eleven and twelve of the forenoon, and which he knows by experience must, if swallowed, inevitably impair an appetite for lunch, then not improbably he will fall a victim to his solicitous helpmeet's well-meaning designs in some other shape."

Don't Worry.

Sir Henry disposes once and for all of the theory that dyspepsia is an unavoidable disease.

Indigestion is in most cases merely a result of errors in diet. The intelligence of the victim is much more often at fault than his or her digestive apparatus. "For most men it is the penalty of conformity to the eating habits of the majority, and a want of disposition or of enterprise to undertake a trial of simpler foods than those around them consume probably determines the continuance of their unhappy troubles."

But the greatest aid to good digestion, health and longevity, is the tranquil mind. Worry is more fatal to health than lobster-sauce at midnight. Control of the temper and training of the will "to exercise restraint and self-denial," these are sovereign specifics for old age.

Occupations for the mind and simple amusements—taking a lively interest in the world and its doings; for the elderly man or woman, this prescription is better than much physic. But again, above all things avoid "needless sources of worry or anxiety."

Light food, gentle exercise, and a quiet mind—such are the precepts for health of the physician best qualified of all living physicians, perhaps, to give advice. How well Sir Henry Thompson's principles have succeeded in his own case is evidenced by the fact of his having taken to motoring and written a book about the motor-car when he had passed his eightieth year!

Like Adam, in "As You Like It," he enjoys "a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," and similar results are possible for those who take his advice in time.

FOR FRIENDLESS GIRLS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Will you do me the favour to give publicity to the fact that the annual sale on behalf of the funds of the Pimlico Ladies' Association for the care of friendless girls will be held at Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace-road, on Thursday, Nov. 26, and Friday, Nov. 27, from noon till 7 p.m.? This sale is organised by me with a view to befriending many a young mother in distress, to feed and clothe infants, and to rescue and shelter some who sorely need protection.

Our kind friends come year after year to purchase our goods, which, on this occasion, are, we believe, specially tempting, as they include knick-knacks from Paris, Viennese leather-work, Canadian-Indian baskets, and quaint English pottery.

A great effort is made to avoid competition with shops by offering for sale articles which are not obtainable in ordinary ways.

Trusting that both the cause and the methods employed will appeal to your readers, I remain, Yours faithfully,

ADELINE M. BEDFORD.

28, Hertford-street, Mayfair, W.

BRAINS OR BEAUTY?

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

By HELEN MATHERS.
Author of "Coming Through the Rye."

FRANKLY, if a woman is very good-looking, very good humoured, very dainty, her brains entirely subordinated to his pleasure and comfort, man will graciously forgive her for being clever—not unless.

He loves a bright woman who amuses and makes him laugh, but not a learned or a professional one who lives by the exercise of her brains. Man is a creature of slow growth, of rooted prejudices, hall-marked by the inherited traditions of countless forefathers who guarded and provided for their womankind, and he is not yet acclimatised to the sight of women jostling, sometimes even throwing, him in the dusty arena of life.

By a strange paradox, it is his fundamental reverence for women, his virile instinct to cherish and shield them, that drives him into the revolt of atrocious manners, when he finds such reference neither expected nor desired. And when one fine day he discovers his most precious quality, chivalry, a-missing, in his bitterness he curses the examples who have spoiled for him the whole garden of noble womanhood.

What a Man Feels.

Yet it is he who suffers most. There are tears at the bottom of his savagery; he grieves for a lost ideal; it is for her feminine qualities, her pity, her tenderness, her grace, that he has looked up to woman, and these clever, gabbling strenuous creatures traverse every law deep written in his heart, of reticence and personal dignity.

He knows that if you take en bloc women's brainwork from the beginning of time up to now that it has not advanced the world's progress by one single step, or added appreciably to its intellectual riches.

He is undoubtedly selfish, he may be brutal, but as there is usually a grain of strong common sense at the bottom of his apparent brutality, from an economic point of view he is probably right in wishing that brains in women should be thrown into the scale of the health, happiness, and beauty of the human race.

As a maker of souls, a builder up of bodies, as a wielder of influence over man, how can woman's importance be over-estimated? She is doing something that man cannot, just as

in mental achievement he does easily the things she only attempts. His phlegm, his health, his absolute serenity of mind, fight for him, just as her sex (if she be a real woman, not a man-woman) undoes her.

The "Dear Little Fool."

She will be for ever clutching at her trailing robes, lamenting the splashes and blacks that alight on them, as she treads the miry public way, while he walks contentedly in the gutter, not a pin the worse, rather the better if anything, in his art or work for being plastered with mud.

It was not for nothing that the Greeks kept the wife and the Hetaira apart, realising that home duties were incompatible with the exclusive cultivation of brains and beauty. That is why a true man will always prefer the company of a dear little fool who rests and soothes him thoroughly to that of a woman of genius, for most men take women as a relaxation, a delight, not as an intellectual exercise.

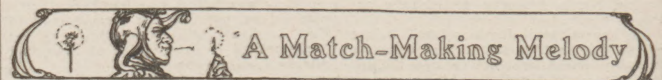
On the other hand, women, alike the worst and the best, adore intellect in a man. Probably the subtlest enjoyment a really clever woman knows is when she is in the company of an intellectual giant who suffers her gladly. The really strong man of strong body, strong brain, strong will, does not demand brains in others. He is himself the illuminant, and thus to be differentiated from the half-and-half clever person, who goes about seeking to instruct a world that loathes being instructed, and will have none of him.

Where Men go Wrong.

A man will unconsciously learn a lot from a bright woman, but the moment he suspects powder in the jam, or realises that she is trying to bring him up in the way he should go, he will depart from her, and be seen no more.

It is the woman who is pretty, and witty, and gay, and good (or not good, as the case may be), who twists him round her little finger. Yet it never seems to occur to him that much ability has gone to the making of this delightful result.

Often he lives and dies, not knowing that he has unconsciously adored brains in women all his life, sublimely ignorant that three parts of the dear little fools in this world are clever women who never for a moment allow to slip aside the mask of folly in which they have so artfully disguised themselves, and which contrasts so admirably with the grandeur of his intellect and moral greatness.



THE MYSTIC ATTRACTION OF "MAISIE."

IF all the songs that she has ever sung Miss Gertie Millar, of the Gaiety, thinks "Maisie"—a famous favourite at the old Gaiety throughout "The Toreador's" long career—the strangest and, by reason of its influence, the most romantic that has ever been written for woman to sing.

Whether the mystic attraction lies in the song, or is imparted to the singer, she does not say or know, but "Maisie" is certainly the most inveterate of match-makers.

"Maisie" was sung at the Gaiety first of all by Miss Rosie Boote; she married the Marquis of Headfort. Miss Maidie Hope succeeded to the song, and became Mrs. Charles Dudley Ward. Lastly, Miss Millar herself came in, sang "Maisie," and married Mr. Lionel Monckton—its composer. Not a bad record!

Miss Gertie Millar at Home.

In her new house in Russell-square Miss Gertie Millar has a room that she calls her dog and bird room. Its walls are hung with many pictures of both. An English terrier and a silken-haired toy terrier, both very much alive, look on occasionally to keep up the effect, and when they are not up to some mischief keep close to their mistress.

There is also a grey parrot that sits on Mr. Monckton's shoulder, and never suffers Mrs. Monckton to approach save as the merest of acquaintances. Whether his master is writing music or playing it, or reading a book or paper, the parrot sits there, apparently so much at his ease that he gives no trouble or concern to his owner. They quite understand each other.

An Old Favourite.

Rehearsals of "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Garrick give promise of a capital entertainment. Mr. Bourchier will be very good in Toole's old part of the toy-maker. It will give him a chance for another of his clever character-portraits to add to the Bishop in "The Bishop's Move," and to Dr. Johnson.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh will be the Bertha, and Miss Jessie Bateman Dot, while Mr. J. H. Barnes will revel in the kindly humour of John Peerybingle.

The old story will come out as fresh and moving as it was when Dickens brought it out, and everybody wept over it.

A Dog Story.

Many people must have seen a man with a street organ and two dogs in the squares and quiet streets of the West End and West Central districts.

The man, before he starts playing his organ, puts a tiny military cap on the head of each of his dogs, and then, having made them sit up, puts a little toy rifle under their fore paws, so as to make the two most meek-looking little creatures pose as sentinels.

Playing in front of Miss Millar's window one day last week, this show attracted her

dogs to the window. A minute afterwards, as she was watching the performance with amusement, the hall door was opened by a servant, there was a yell from Toby (the English terrier), a short scuffle in the hall, and before she could even call to them, her dogs were in the street.

The disturbance was terrific, the organ-grinder shouted the two sentinels were knocked over, and the parrot from his cage screamed out derisively, "This looks all right!"

Needless to say, the little sentinels and their owner got more than sympathy.

New Theatre for Birmingham.

The Theatre Royal at Birmingham will before next year is out to be a very much more convenient and handsome play-house than it is at present. Mr. Tom B. Davis is going to have it rebuilt with a frontage of shops and offices into New-street, and more room everywhere.

Mr. Runtz, who designed the new Gaiety, is Mr. Davis's architect, and hopes to get the building ready for opening by Christmas, 1904.

A few rows of pit-stalls, which can be booked, will be a feature. This is a capital idea. The regular pitte will be able to come in as usual, while those who dislike standing will be able to avoid it.

Author and Best Man.

When the wedding of Mr. John Tresahar and Miss Daisy Thimma takes place on December 16, Mr. Cecil Raleigh—the author of "The Flood Tide," in which they met and became engaged at Drury Lane—will be Mr. Tresahar's best man.

Mr. Raleigh is always ready to accept in the very happiest manner the responsibilities of life, or of his own plays. That is why he can make the most of an unpromising subject, or ask his best friend to sink his identity in the character of a villain.

If he could only be persuaded to write his reminiscences, he has the material, and the manner of putting it together, that would go to the making of a vastly interesting and amusing volume.

Christmas and the Theatres.

The very quietest time of the year at the theatres—hot weather excepted—is to be found in the few days immediately preceding and following Christmas.

Managers are always glad when that period has passed and business at the box office begins to revive again. At many of the fashionable theatres regular patrons for stalls and boxes do not return for perhaps a fortnight after Christmas. People who are in town, undeterred by reports that the best drawing plays are booked up for months ahead, get seats without difficulty. That is a hint to remember.

A FINE DAY IN TOWN.

ROYALTIES AND OTHERS TO BE SEEN OUT AND ABOUT.

45 and 46, New Bond-street.

Monday Evening.
To-day the royal family have paid flying visits to London. The King and Queen arrived from Windsor this morning. The Prince and Princess of Wales started for Culford Hall early in the afternoon, the Princess looking very charming with touches of vivid orange in her toque. The house-party staying with Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford includes Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, and Lord and Lady Chelsea.

In the West End.

This has been a very full Monday, at any rate as regards the number of people about town. The traffic in Piccadilly and Bond-street got very thick during the afternoon, and, strangely enough, in spite of dry pavements and no wind, there were but few people to be seen on foot. Their number, however, included Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, dressed in black with a shaded green feather in her black hat, in Piccadilly, with a friend, and one of the pretty Miss Vivians, who had on a black and silver toque.

Lady Jersey, wearing all mauve, was driving, as was Lady Mayo, who was very darkly dressed. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, looking charming in moleskin colour with a long stole of fur that round her shoulders and ermine in her toque, was in a hansom. Lady Savile was driving, and Lady George Scott (she was Lady Elizabeth Manners, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland) occupied an electric brougham.

Mme. von André and Lady Constance Gore were in electric carriages, and pretty Miss Adhead, who had on a most becoming big pale blue hat, was driving with her mother.

Luncheon Hours.

Willis's, the favourite luncheon place on Monday, was as pleasant and cheery as ever to-day; and now that Christmas is close at hand, a good many people stop there for lunch after a long morning spent in examining various treasures.

Lady Lurgan and Mrs. Beckett were together, the former wearing an aubergine-coloured toque with a neat brown dress. Mrs. Ivor Guest, looking charming in pale blue with white fox furs, was with her husband, and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, in blue, with a green and white toque, was another well-dressed woman to be seen; while the men included Lord Elcho, Mr. George Keppel, Mr. Henry Milner, and Colonel Stewart.

A "Rest Cure."

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester came to town on account of the health of the former, which has not been very good lately. He is now undergoing a "rest cure" in a private nursing home in London, and hopes before very long to be able to get about again as usual.

This Evening's Parties.

At the Gaity to-night there was a very full house; Lady Carnarvon was with a party, and Prince Francis of Teck came on with friends from Willis's, where among other dining was the Duchess of Manchester, dressed in black and white, and Mr. and Mrs. William James. Later on at the Carlton the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia gave a small supper party, and there were many other well-known people to be seen there as well.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The King is an enthusiastic collector of silver model ships, and possesses a wonderful miniature fleet of immense value. Some, indeed, date from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, when the manufacture of these beautiful but expensive toys practically ceased.

The Prince of Wales is also a collector of them, and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg had the finest collection in the world. The King's silver model of the Britannia is a marvellously perfect replica of the yacht in every detail.

Great disappointment is felt at Claremont now it is known that Princess Alice of Albany's wedding will take place in Windsor. There is some talk of Prince Alexander leaving the Army, but Princess Alice has expressed her willingness to accompany her future husband to South Africa, should he decide to go out there with his regiment. The attachment between these two is no new thing, for when the 7th Hussars were quartered at Hampton Court, the Prince was a constant visitor at Claremont.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent a very quiet week-end at Chatsworth; one of the most enjoyable features of their visit was a motor-car trip round the neighbouring country yesterday afternoon, a halt being made at Haddon Hall. The party then passed through the picturesque metropolis of the Peak, Bakewell, their visit affording no small delight to the crowd of country folk assembled, it being market day.

Although our royal ladies do not believe in any elaborate system of preserving their personal appearance, they, nevertheless, pin their faith to massage as a panacea for "nerves." Prince Louise, Duchess of Argyll, not only at Kensington Palace, but when travelling about, is frequently waited

upon by a masseuse; the Duchess of Fife is visited by one every day when she is in Portman-square, and the Princess of Wales, notwithstanding her usual bright health and immunity from ailments, submits to a course of massage whenever she is feeling a little overdone.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has succeeded Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain as hostess at the Colonial Office with conspicuous success. With her charming, gracious manner, she promises to make a notable figure in society now that her opportunity has come.

Besides her interest in politics, which is a keen one, Mrs. Lyttelton shows a taste for letters; indeed, she once wrote a very pretty story, and signed it "Edith Hamlet." At the present moment she is not only busy with arranging lectures on Imperial subjects for the Ladies' Empire Club, but is also agitating for feminine emigration to South Africa.

Sir Robert Cranston, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, is anxious that a great Volunteer Review should take place when the King goes to Scotland next year. Sir Robert has had interviews with some of the military authorities in London, and hopes to gain the approval of the War Office to this proposal.

Mr. Albert Edward Delaval Astley, the eldest son of Lord Hastings, comes of age to-day, when there will be a ball and great rejoicings at Melton Constable, Lord Hastings's home in Norfolk.

Lady Angela Forbes has thoroughly enjoyed her visit to America. Her unaffected manner charmed everyone, and no English woman has been more overwhelmed with invitations or gifts of flowers than she. Lady Angela grows yearly more like her sister, the Duchess of Sutherland.

Miss de Crespiigny's wedding is not postponed, and will take place on Thursday next at St. George's, Hanover-square.

Lord and Lady Clarina are entertaining a house party this week at Elm Park, County Limerick, for shooting, their guests including, amongst others, Lord and Lady Rathdonnell.

Lady Clarina was one of three Butler co-heiresses of Castle Crine. She is Lord Clarina's second wife, and a graceful, charming woman. Her little daughters are extremely clever dancers (especially at Irish jigs), and her stepdaughter, Miss Mary Massey, is a first-rate amateur actress.

Count de Lalain, the Belgian Minister, who to-day opens the Brussels Bazaar, a Scotch by descent, for his mother was a Macnaghten in the female line and a cousin of Lord Macnaghten. Comtesse de Lalain has for years been a confirmed invalid, and, therefore, the Belgian Legation is not now likely to become a centre of entertaining.

Unlike many Continental diplomats, the Count has a thorough speaking knowledge of English, and this enables him personally to enter more into our life and customs than many of his diplomatic brethren. He is a very charming man, full of anecdote.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, the well-known writer, is to be married on Thursday afternoon to Miss Edith Ayrton, daughter of Professor Ayrton. The wedding will be quite private and will take place at the residence of the bride's father in Norfolk-square, with only a few relations and friends as witnesses—but crowds of interesting people have received invitations for the reception, which Professor and Mrs. Ayrton are holding after the ceremony.

A grand ball will take place at the Covent Garden Opera House on Tuesday, February 2, 1904, in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children. H.M.H. the Duchess of Albany, Princess Hatfeldt-Wildenburg, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Derby, Lady Howe, Lady Ancaster, Lady Lurgan, Lady Alynne Compton, and Baroness d'Angler are amongst those who have kindly consented to give their patronage to the ball.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland have returned to Welbeck Abbey.

Lord Lamington, Governor elect of Bombay, accompanied by Lady Lamington, with the members of their family, will leave Victoria on Thursday morning by the eleven o'clock P. and O. boat express for Marseilles, where they will embark in the mail steamer Mongolia for Bombay.

The marriage between Captain William C. Hammer Bunbury (40th P.L.), Indian Army, and Miss Fox Tomson, is arranged to take place on Wednesday, the 9th of December, at St. Patrick's Church, Hove, at a quarter past two o'clock. Mrs. Fox Tomson will hold a reception afterwards at 19, First-avenue.

A marriage has been arranged between Andrew de Portal Kingsmill, Grenadier Guards, only son of the late William Kingsmill, of Sydmoncton Court, Newbury, and Gladys, younger daughter of the late Captain R. A. Johnson, 6th Regiment, and of Mrs. Lowe, of Bulbridge House, Wilton, Salisbury.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

COURT MOVEMENTS.

KING AND QUEEN LEAVE LONDON FOR SANDRINGHAM.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, left Windsor early yesterday morning for London, and drove to Buckingham Palace, where they had lunch.

The Queen was wearing a dark coat and skirt, with a large bunch of pink malmaisons in her dress, and a touch of mauve in her toque.

Before leaving Windsor, the King, through Sir Dighton Probyn, sent a cheque for £20 towards a sale of work being held to wipe off a debt of £200 on the local Wesleyan chapel.

The King and Queen left St. Pancras at 4.15 in the afternoon for Sandringham, with Princess Victoria and a few friends that are included in their house party.

The King will shoot at Castle Rising this week with Lord Farquhar, as well as over the Sandringham estate, and their Majesties will entertain a number of guests for the Queen's birthday next week.

Princess Christian and her daughter Princess Victoria left London yesterday on a visit to Lord and Lady Zetland.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Ena have returned to the Isle of Wight.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Monday.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is here now at the Waldorf Astoria, and talks of resuming her entertainments next season in London at her lovely house in Carlton House-terrace. Mrs. Mackay's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, is a dark little woman, who was considered the prettiest of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt bridesmaids. She stood next to Miss Mary Golet on that occasion, and was but two or three pews behind her at her marriage the other day. Mrs. Mackay was splendidly gowned, as usual, though being in mourning she wore white silk covered with real black lace.

Britishers cannot realise that we have any historical associations here, still, in the heart of the city, looking West from the Waldorf-Astoria across the river on the high banks opposite, is a colonial building. It has been there for 250 years, and the furniture and fittings remain intact. The late Mrs. A. Gracie King, who lived there for many years, was Mrs. Clarence Mackay's great-aunt, and like herself, a direct descendant of Lady Kitty Duer. Over here, in revolutionary days, Jerome Bonaparte visited frequently at the house, and also Louis Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of France, and many other notables.

There are several reasons why special interest is attached to the cards received here for the wedding of Mrs. Cornelia Roosevelt-Scovel with Count Riccardo Fabricotti, to take place in Florence, Italy, on Wednesday. The bridegroom's sister-in-law, Countess Fabricotti, a handsome and charming widow, always superbly gowned, was over here last winter and received a great deal of attention.

Countess Zborowski has sailed for England with her little son. It will be recalled that her husband was killed in an automobile accident some months ago in France. Countess Zborowski is a very attractive widow with a large fortune. She is a cousin of Waldorf and John Jacob Astor, and has been regarded as the beauty of the Astor family.

A RESTAURANT FOR WOMEN.

Various philanthropic societies have done good by opening women's restaurants, but the need of a dining-room where working women can obtain cheap wholesome food in the middle of the day is still making itself felt. To supply this demand several ladies, deeply interested in the question, are trying to start a restaurant on business as well as philanthropic lines. The Duchess of Portland, Lady Mary Howard, Lady Robert Cecil, the Bishop of London, Sir John and Lady Stirling-Maxwell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and many other well-known people are working hard in this movement, and those who feel an interest in the scheme can learn all particulars connected with it, by applying to Mr. Petherick, 15, Gledhow-gardens, S.W.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

"Love on through all ills."—Moore.

Many happy returns to:—
Lady Clape Fielding. Lord Moray.
Miss Margaret St. John. Lord Dornier.
Lord Darnley.
Lord Moray who to-day celebrates his sixty-first birthday is a Scotch peer, who owns no fewer than four seats in Scotland, these being situated in Elginshire, Inverness-shire, Fife, and Perthshire respectively. He has no children, his heir being his brother, Mr. Morton Stuart-Gray.

Lord Ardee, the eldest son of Lord Meath, is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards. His father, who sits in the House of Lords as Baron Chaworth, has a charming place, Killruddery, in Co. Wicklow, and a town house in Lancaster-gate.

OUR DUBLIN LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Dublin, Monday Evening.

Last week was very quiet in Dublin. Beyond a few quiet dinners, hostesses have not yet begun to entertain. The flags are not flying at the Vice-Regal Lodge or the Royal Hospital, as royalty and vice-royalty are gone for a time, and their absence makes a difference in Dublin.

Lady Dudley, who likes the pomp and circumstance of her state, always drives about town with four horses, outriders, and a police escort.

The Duchess of Connaught, on the contrary, seems to avoid observation, and few people recognise the quiet, single-horse brougham which is often to be seen standing at the old bric-a-brac shop. For the Duchess is a great collector, and knowledgeable in antique furniture.

Irish Reforms.

There is a boom in reforms just now in Ireland. We have associations for reforming everything, from our industries and philanthropies to our tariffs—the latest addition.

Sir Horace Plunkett does yeoman's work in the field of Irish industries. He is, in fact, Ireland's industrial foster-mother, and the department of which he is the distinguished chief acts as a national incubator for hatching all the industrial eggs laid in the country.

Lord Montagu is it who works strenuously for philanthropic reform. He is striving to effect much-needed changes in the Irish workhouses, where jobbery and mismanagement are a public scandal. It is hoped that something practical may result from the Poor Law Reform Commission, now sitting to enquire into this subject.

A Loan Exhibition.

The Royal Hibernian Academy is organising a loan exhibition for next month of the works of the late Walter Osborne, R.H.A., by whose untimely death this year art in Ireland sustained a grievous loss. The Academy hopes that all those possessing examples of Mr. Osborne's work will contribute to the exhibition.

At the time of his death Mr. Osborne was painting a portrait of the Duke of Abercorn, and this picture, destined for the Masonic Hall, Dublin, is being finished by Miss Purser, A.R.H.A. Miss Purser is also engaged on a portrait of Lord Powerscourt, which is presenting to the Royal Dublin Society, and a replica of which will eventually find a home in the National Gallery of Ireland.

Employment for Women.

A central bureau for the employment of women, similar to one existing in London, has just been opened in Dublin, under the presidency of Lady Dudley. The bureau meets a distinct want; it undertakes to provide educated women with all information as to the correct places in which to learn the various branches of professional and industrial work, and it puts trained ladies into touch with employers, having first tested the qualifications of each candidate desirous of having her name enrolled on the books of the bureau.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Fair; maximum, 58; minimum, 45.
Calfo.—Clear; maximum, 78; minimum, 56.
Cannes.—Beautiful weather; warm, calm, settled.
Naples.—Maximum, 60; minimum, 42; nine hours' sunshine.
Nice.—Calm, clear; maximum, 50; minimum, 30.
San Remo.—Brilliant sunshine; temperature at noon, 69.
Bath.—Dull, showery; maximum, 54; minimum, 49.
Brighton.—Dull, unsettled; maximum, 50; minimum, 47.
Bournemouth.—Dull; maximum, 55; prospects gloomy.
Harrogate.—Fair, but dull; maximum, 51; barometer falling.
Hastings.—Clear, dry; maximum, 42; minimum, 43.
Torquay.—Mild, dull; maximum, 53; minimum, 49.
Venice.—Dull; maximum, 52; minimum, 48; showery.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The following naval appointments are announced:—
Commander R. R. Parker to Vivid, for Monmouth, to date November 25, and to Monmouth on commissioning, to date December 21.
Lieut. M. J. Allen to Temeraire, for charge of torpedo boat destroyers and torpedo boats in Reserve, to date November 21, A. St. V. Keyes to Thames, re-appointed on promotion, to date November 21.
Sub-Lieut. R. H. Greble to Bedford, to date November 20; A. Marsden to Drake, undated.
Major Bottomley, Royal West Surrey Regiment, has been appointed second in command of the 3rd Regiment Mounted Infantry in South Africa.
On board the new county cruiser Donaghy, yesterday morning, at Plymouth, the Marquis of Hamilton, M.P. for Londonderry, presented Captain Bruck and the officers with a silver service of plate. The Donaghy leaves with the cruiser squadron to-morrow.

The battleship Albemarle, the new flagship for the Mediterranean station, completed her equipment yesterday, and left the dock at Malta before sailing for Malta.
Lieut. Walsley, R.A.M.C., on promotion, proceeds from Edinburgh to Malta as principal medical officer.
Commander G. C. Cayley and Chaplain and Naval Instructor the Rev. J. S. Bailey, R.A., both to Berwick, to date December 9.
Captain Byron, Royal Field Artillery, has been appointed aide-de-camp to Lieut-General Sir Charles Tucker.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

Hadley and Basset beat King's College at Wormwood Scrubs yesterday by four goals to one. The winners were much the better team, King's College being quite out of form, with the exception of Miss Scantlebury, their goal-keeper, but for whom the defeat would have been still more severe.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to nine—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
Over 400 times.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
TWO SPECIAL MATINEES WEDNESDAYS, Dec. 2 and 9.
Box-office open 10 till 10.

COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. Leigh.
THE TEMPEST.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEES TUESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5,024 Westminster.
50th PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS and WALKER.
THE ONLY REAL CAKE WALK.
WILLIAMS and WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.
MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

APOLLO SALON.
119, Regent-street, W.

APOLLO CONCERTS.
Winter Series.
THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 26, at 3.30 p.m.

APOLLO PIANO PLAYER.
THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 26, at 3.30 p.m.

Violinist—MISS M. ALDIS.
Accompanied by the APOLLO Piano Player.

For special Invitation Cards please apply to the Manager, Concert Department, Apollo House, 119, Regent-street, London, W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash. Cat-hopole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country require immediate attention.

LOST AND FOUND.

£10 REWARD.—Lost, black cross, diamond in centre attached jet chain, Hall Porter, Longford, Dublin, 35, Dover-street, Piccadilly.
LOST.—On Friday night, November 20, in Baywater omnibus, a hand purse containing two watch keys and gold. If returned to Ridge, 43, Craven-road, W., £1 reward will be given.

£20 REWARD.—Lost, between Shepton-Mallet and Cannard's Grave in Somerset, a string of 12 pearls, with diamond clasp. Anyone returning same to Widdowson and Veale, 75, Strand, London, will receive above reward.

£2 REWARD.—Lost, between Teddington and Strawberry Vale, a lady's gold neck chain, with three gold locket attached—Miss F. Willing, Rock Hall, Teddington.

£5 REWARD.—Lost, on Thursday, 19th inst., while travelling between Cardiff and Southampton, either in train or on platform, a black leather handbag, containing clock, jewellery, and letters—C. W. King's Library, Lymington, Han.

MRS. POMEROY, 29, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON. Liverpool: 35, Bold-street, Dublin: 39, Grafton-street; Cape Town: 19, Strand-street.

The premier authority in the world on Hygienic Complexion Treatment and Electrolysis gives consultation and advice, quite free of charge, personally, 11 to 5; Saturdays 11 to 1; or by correspondence, and will send her "Beauty Rules," helpful and interesting to every woman, gratis and post free from any of the above, her every address.

CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY

YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workmen for Old and New Corsets, and are RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.

J. ROSENBAUM and SONS, Corset Makers,
115, WESTBURY-GROVE, W. and branches.
Corsets made to measure in three days from 51s. 6d. Please mention "Daily Mirror."

COAL, 16s. 6d.—UNQUALIFIED IN LONDON.
INFANT COLLIERIES SUPPLY COMPANY.
105, Pancras-rd., N.W. and Somerset Town High Lane, N.W. Island, Siskin, and Douglas, N.W. Best Brights 22s. 6d. Cobble 16s. 6d. Range Nuts 12s. 6d. Coke (per cwt.) 5s. 6d. All qualities special values! Call solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.O.

BIRTHS.

BEARMAN.—On Friday, Nov. 20, at Mayfield, Wanstead, N.E., the wife of Frank C. Bearman, of a son.

DU BOULAY.—On Nov. 20, at Cairo, Egypt, the wife of Ralph Houseman Du Boulay, of a daughter.

EXETER.—On Nov. 20, at Burghley House, Stamford, the Marchioness of Exeter, of a daughter.

LENG.—On Nov. 20, at Hurdcoast House, Salisbury, to Mr. and Mrs. William St. Quentin Leng, of a son.

RAMSBOTHAM.—On the 19th inst., at Brookfields, Bletchley, the wife of Edward Rintoun Ramsbotham, of a son.

WHITFIELD.—On Nov. 20, at Brooklands, Royston, the wife of W. H. Whitfield, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

DAVIES.—DAVIES.—On Nov. 21, 1903, at Haven-green Chapel, Ealing, W., by the Rev. Evan Thomas (Minister of the church), the Rev. Dr. Clifford, and the Rev. Dr. Horton, Alfred William Woodham, eldest son of Alfred Davies, Esq., M.P., of The Loftings, Finsbury, London, and Margaret, second daughter of R. O. Davies, Esq., J.P., of Graysburg, Acton, W.

LACKY.—HARRIS.—On Nov. 21, at St. Mary-le-bone Church, London, by the Rev. A. W. Southgate, Alfred Lancel, fourth son of the late Mr. J. L. Lacky, of Hampstead, to Olive, younger daughter of the late Sir John-Major C. A. Harris, Indian Army.

FRANCE-HAYHURST.—DOUGLAS.—On the 19th inst., at St. Mark's Church, Halifax, Mrs. Scotia, Flag-Lieutenant Cecil H. France-Hayhurst, of Bostock Hall, Cheshire, to Gertrude Isabel, second daughter of the late Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief North America and West Indies Station.

DEATHS.

BLACKBURN.—On Nov. 19, at Standerton, Transvaal, End Mar. infant daughter of Captain C. H. Blackburn, D.S.O.

COMBER.—On the 22nd inst., Eleanor, widow of Edward Comber, of the 19th inst., at 99, Barking-gate, W.

MARRIAGE.—On the 19th inst., at 99, Barking-gate, W. Major, the infant daughter of Commander S. E. Forster, Esq., aged four days.

GRIEVE.—On Friday, Nov. 20, at Tudor Mansion, Kensington, Anne Hattie Grieve, wife of the Rev. W. T. Grieve, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Regent-street, aged 74.

HERBERT.—On Nov. 20, at 205, West, Chiswick, Middlesex, Wandie House, Carshalton, George Herbert, in the 77th year of his age.

TURNBULL.—On Nov. 19, at Cleveland-gardens, W. Mary Elizabeth, widow of the late Surg. Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, aged 82.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:—"Reflexed," London.

PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 11d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 6d.; for three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 18s. 6d.; or for a year, 36s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay & Co., and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on a fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The Blight of Officialism.

YESTERDAY there appeared in the columns of the *Times* a much-needed protest against the lack of discretion shown in the invitation lists for royal and civic banquets given to distinguished visitors. The writer of the letter thus commented on the existing practice:—

"Had anyone cast his eye over the list of royal or presidential guests when KING EDWARD VII. visited VICTOR EMMANUEL III., or each of them in turn visited M. LOUBET, he could not have failed to observe the names of men eminent at Rome or Paris in letters, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and science, and the omission of such would have seemed to an Italian, as to a Frenchman, simply inconceivable."

"I have from sheer curiosity run through the catalogue of persons invited, whether to Windsor or to the Guildhall, to meet the KING and QUEEN of ITALY, and I have not been able to discover the name of one single writer, painter, sculptor, architect, musician, or scientist, pre-eminent as such, or even eminent."

We are in entire agreement with the writer of this letter, that it is a misfortune that on great national occasions persons of wealth and rank and official position should alone be chosen to represent England. Obviously it does not represent the tastes of KING EDWARD, who is known for his wide appreciation of all that is distinguished in the sciences and arts. We are therefore driven to suppose that the blame for this lack of discrimination must be laid on the Court officials, who seem to have no imagination of any kind of greatness that does not wear a uniform, and are apparently content to follow a precedent that itself has no better recommendation than use and familiarity.

It is not like us as a nation to be ashamed of our triumphs in literature and art, while in science we claim some of the greatest savants of the age; yet from the way the representatives of these departments of life are ignored, one might suppose that we had no desire but to keep them as much as possible in the background. And we join in this protest, not on behalf of the arts and sciences (which, as the writer of the *Times* letter points out, are well able to take care of themselves), but in the interests of the country itself and of the impression it makes on distinguished foreigners. If such a guest were to judge by the guests he meets at a great public banquet, he might think that our only notable men were politicians and our great national characteristic militarism—which we hope is very far from being the case. The great arts of peace, in which we have for so long excelled, are entirely unrepresented. In this we pay our

guests a very poor compliment, and do ourselves something less than justice.

There is another omission which the writer in the *Times* did not mention, but to which we may fairly draw attention; and that is the absence from these functions of women who have distinguished themselves in any other way than by marrying men of eminence. The women who are invited are invited only as the wives of their husbands—not on their own merits; while unmarried women, however high the distinction they may have won in art, science, literature, or music, are severely neglected by the Court officials in whose hands the arrangement of these matters is left. This, also, is surely a mistake in a country that has done so much to help women to make careers for themselves, and where the achievements of women are so generously and impartially recognised. It was no compliment to the sex of QUEEN ELENA, for example, thus to ignore its distinctions and triumphs. We trust that the question which the writer to the *Times* has raised will not be allowed to drop, and that on a future occasion a little more enterprise and common sense will be demanded from the official mind.

THE MONEY MAKING MANIA.

Society nowadays is largely composed of more or less pretty persons who go out with axes concealed beneath their ermine peleries. These axes they are determined to sharpen on any grind-stone which may offer during the day or night's pleasure. Nor are they shy of producing these primitive implements. Taking it for granted that they are also "on the job"—as they would put it—they make no ado in touting for your patronage of whatever little business affair they happen to have in hand.

In early Victorian novels it was only ruined City men and broken-down captains who "recommended" wine and pressed on you so-and-so's coals. Nowadays you are never sure that the most elegant young madam does not mean to sell you a motor-car, decoy you to her hat-shop, or put you up to a "sure thing" on the Stock Exchange.

Gambling at cards, again, has become so universal that a good player looks to exploiting this new vice as a substantial addition to her income. The devotees of Bridge are many, and they have spread, with amazing rapidity, into all sections of society, even into remote suburbia. The skilful and inveterate Bridge player will not sit down to the card-table unless the stakes are high. She is not playing, as the Americans say, "for her health," but to make money.

The woman who is not betting on horse-races is running a club or a dressmaking business, and sometimes she combines all three with plunging on the Stock Exchange. The way in which the City exerts its fell fascination over so many women of to-day is one of the most disquieting signs of the times. The brokers frankly tell you that without the ladies they could hardly live. Small wonder women have an alarmed and anxious air.

Look round the gambling tables at Monte Carlo any day this winter, and watch the expression of your feminine compatriots. Many of them, once they are absorbed in play, have a curious resemblance to middle-aged club-men. Anyone who would indite a convincing pamphlet on "The deleterious effects of public gambling on the female countenance," and circulate it in the gay Principality under the Maritime Alps would be doing a benefit to society at large. Watch the strained and tense expression of those women, the effort made at self-control when they lose, their eternal fear of dishonest neighbours, the necessity of watching the chance of every turn of the roulette wheel or every deal of Trente et Quarante, and you are no longer amazed that, to a gambler, a sojourn on the Mediterranean has no rejuvenating effect.

At home or abroad, at work or at play, the eternal pre-occupation of an increasingly large proportion of modern women seems to be money.

ORGANISATION AND CHARITY.

HOW TO STOP WASTE.

MR. C. S. LOCH put in a plea yesterday at the R.U.S.I. for the reorganisation of charity. The plea is one which we should naturally expect from one who has been so long associated with the C.O.S. But does it not suggest some of the failings which are commonly associated with the name of Mr. Loch's society?

If we are to mass every charity into one great body, encircled with iron bounds, laws and regulations, and directed by a cold-blooded business man, we are likely to stop that great flow of contributions from those individuals whose emotions are more touched than their heads, and who put sentimental conscience before common-sense.

To business-like people the waste of effort in individual cases of charity, as well as in society, is absolutely shocking. Most striking, perhaps, is the undoubted waste in the work of the London hospitals. Any suggestions to bring these charities under one recognised organisation are certainly worth considering, but the great difficulty in adopting any plan is that the means may so readily choke the wellsprings of charity.

An Inexhaustible Flow.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind." There are very few people who are so constituted that they can be both charitable and systematic in their charity; so that charitable gifts made during the lifetime of donors are generally diffuse and often very little considered. On the other hand, there are enormous numbers of charities which get the bulk of their support in legacies.

The C.O.S. has not, whilst doing very useful work, stopped the flow of indiscriminate charity. There was never a time when so much money was given, when those who pleaded in the sacred name of charity could obtain money so easily. A sympathetically worded appeal, a committee composed of people with well-known names, and the public will flock with filled purses to the many social functions organised in charity's name.

Appeals to the emotions produce the readiest response. Few people really consider whether their money will be spent wisely or not. It is not the administration, but the object for which it is being organised that they consider. Hence so much waste.

Over £1,000,000 a year is available merely for the support of almshouses and pensioners, and for the relief of the aged poor. What then must be the sum total expended upon charity altogether?

Need for Careful Inspection.

The great need seems to be to check the acts of the almoners. With the Christmas season we shall have the usual appeals. There will, of course, be many which deserve all and more than they ask, but what about the many bogus charities, the homes for children, and the homes exploited by an advertising founder, and many of a like kind?

The collecting-box nuisance has lately come under salutary rules made by the police. Perhaps here is the first real step towards reorganisation. Everything possible should be done to encourage the inspection and the auditing of accounts. Many large charities, though chartered and registered, are not inspected in any way.

Mr. Loch's ideal of linking up as far as possible, and inspecting, is so far most excellent. But the iron band is thought by most people the great fault of the C. O. S., for it paralyses both the giver and the recipient.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 24.—One of the humble immortals was born on this day, not so long ago that she might not have been among us still, had not death taken her all too soon.

It is the birthday of Grace Darling, the girl, who, at twenty-two, rode with her father through a mile of fearful sea to the wreck on which, among nine survivors, sat a wretched wife with her two dead children in her arms.

It was a deed which thrilled the world, and Longstons Lighthouse became a place of pilgrimage. The keeper's daughter was the heroine of her time; the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland received her at Alnwick Castle and gave her a gold watch; public bodies sent her testimonials and silver medals, and a purse of £700 was presented to her by public subscription. Her portraits were widely sold, and the manager of a theatre in London offered her more money than she had ever seen to sit in a boat on the stage for a few minutes during a play written for the occasion.

Grace Darling was the queen of an hour, but in that hour she never for one moment lost her maiden modesty, or ceased to be the simple girl she had been. Four years afterwards, long before her name had been forgotten, Grace Darling died, and to-day she lies in a splendid tomb washed by the waves of the lonely northern coast.

Where Men Cannot Go.

A WOMAN'S TALES OF TURKESTAN.

Odd Customs of the Sarts.

Miss Annette Meakin is one of our lady-voyagers who, like Mrs. Bishop and Miss Bullock Workman, has chosen Asia as her hunting-ground, and "In Russian Turkestan" (George Allen) she has many stories to tell of that interesting race, the Sarts, native subjects of the Tsar.

We might have waited long ere any mere traveller had given us so admirable an account of the women of this far-off land;

parents have made some vow in connection with him which has not yet been fulfilled.

"Often before his daughter is twelve years old the father contemplates her marriage, and begins to look round for a suitable husband. Yet her life is not without its interest whilst the choice of a husband is pending. The innate love of trade peculiar to her people is as strong in her as in her brothers."

"Before she is ten years old she has usually begun to hatch silk-worms' eggs in the folds of her dress, and when the cocoons are ready she sells them for what she can get. The money thus earned is her very own, and she can do what she likes with it. Sometimes she buys finery with her savings, but oftener than not she lays out her money in a larger supply of eggs for the following year, or invests it in bright skeins of silk and caps to be embroidered."

"Pretended shyness is thought 'good form.' The wife of the chief magistrate in Samarkand could never once be induced to open her lips in our presence—perhaps some of our own overwrought hostesses might be thankful for such a restriction. But what a difficult task this must have been!

"There is no such person as a Sart housewife. A wife's female relations manage her household, and the older they grow the harder they work—by way of retribution on the husband's part, one is tempted to suppose. In one courtyard we found the host's three mothers-in-law engaged in bread-making." The lady of the house herself is a prisoner, for she never leaves home except in dire necessity.

As for a Sart wedding, we are accustomed to read of the "blushing bride" at home, but Miss Meakin has visited "a goodly number of Sart brides, and invariably found them in a fainting attitude, as though they were anxious to swoon away." "What is your husband's name?" she asked one of these. "I have not the right to pronounce the name of my husband," was the astounding answer!

"When a man wants a wife he employs some elderly female relative to find out where there is a suitable lady; and then, though he is not supposed to see his future wife before the betrothal, he sometimes bribes the aged matchmaker to let him get a peep at his intended through some hole in a door or curtain. If she happens to be a cousin or some other near relative, he has probably known her well as a child."

Reasons for Divorce.

"The *calim* is a large or small sum of money, or a tray of presents, proportionate to her reported looks and general condition. I was informed that a girl marked with smallpox could be had very cheaply, also a girl who was slightly lame. A Russian lady whose manservant was about to be married said to him:—

"Suppose you don't like the looks of your wife when you see her?"

"If I don't like her," he replied with vehemence, "I shall kill my mother."

"The cases in which a woman can compel her husband to divorce her are: when she can prove that he has beaten her black and blue without cause; when he marries a second wife without her formal permission; when he has given her nothing to eat for six months; when he has taken her to live in a place three days' journey from her own home without her consent; when he loses his reason; or when he is a leper."

Divorce begins by one or the other saying *Talek*. Then they must think it over for three days. If both are still anxious for a divorce, they then say before witnesses that they want it—and they get it. There would be no occupation for Sir Francis Jeune in Russian Turkestan.

Driving in Russian Turkestan.

"A Sart lady of the upper class never goes out on foot. Some never go out at all, from the day of their marriage to the day of their death, but those who do are conveyed to their destination in an *arba* or native cart, the wheels of which are some six feet in diameter. The *arba* is made entirely of wood, and each huge wheel is a young elm bent into shape. The shafts are joined together by a strap going over the horse's back, to prevent the weight falling on its neck. The driver sits in

a saddle on the back of the horse, with his feet resting on the shafts. When going uphill he stands up and presses with all his might upon the shafts, to prevent the *arba* from overbalancing. At the same time he screeches like an owl in the animal's ears to spur it on.

The Sart Cat.

"Bokhara is famous for its beautiful, long-haired cats. A finer breed of the feline race one could not wish to see. They have bushy tails and silky hair. They, too, walk about on the roofs, but the best specimens we saw were children's pets in Russian houses. Sarts keep them also in their houses, and have many other pets as well."

"The cap bazaar at Samarkand is a wondrous sight, which never fails to attract the traveller. High walls are decked out with caps of every shade, in endless variety of shape and size. The salesman stands ready with a hooked pole six feet or more in length, and hooks down any particular one that may attract the customer's eye. But it is not only in the bazaar that caps may be bought. Just outside I came upon a shrub about five feet high, upon every branch of which there hung a gorgeous cap. Beneath, and crossed-legged upon the ground, sat the owner, waiting for customers."

A Native Industry.

"It was in Andijan that we were initiated into the art of cap-making. In one booth we found a man cutting out rounds of cloth, silk, and other materials; in the next the stamping of patterns was going on; a youth had in his hand a mould which, after smearing yellow powder over it, he stamped upon the cloth in four places, the round having been previously folded in four, and pressed, to show by its creases where the stamp should come. Bands to form the lower part of the caps were also being stamped. In a third booth the rounds of cloth, having been already purchased by women and embroidered at home, were being made into shape. The fourth booth contained caps ready for wear."

During her wanderings among the Terke-Turkomans Miss Meakin visited the

the latest improvements, looked somewhat like a *chef de cuisine* in his long white pinafore. In time there will also be a church; as it is, a church railway-carriage visits the estate occasionally. The estate already boasts of shops, factories, and a bazaar. Some of the employés are Afghans, which is not surprising when one remembers how close Merv is to Afghanistan.

A Sart Folk-Tale.

The Sart women delight in stories and story-telling. One of their best tales is entitled "The Cruel Stepmother."

"Once upon a time there lived a Sart. His wife had died and left him with two children, a boy and a girl. The Sart married again. Very soon his second wife had a little girl of her own. She said to her husband: 'Boil your son and I will eat him.'

"The Sart was sorry, for he loved his son dearly. However, his wife insisted; so he took the boy out into the garden, and collected a heap of firewood. Soon after he returned alone to his wife and said:—

"Go out and look behind the barn; there you will find what you have asked for.' His wife went and looked behind the barn; there, sure enough, she found the boy and the firewood all ready. She put the boy in a pot, boiled him, and ate him, throwing his bones into the back yard."

"The boy's sister found them there the next day, and burst into tears at the sorrowful sight. Weeping and crying, she gathered the bones together, put them in a bag, and hung them on the branch of a tree, where, wonderful to relate, they turned into a dove. Under the tree there passed a pedlar."

"Sing me a song, O dove," said he.

"Give me a needle," said the dove, "and I will sing."

The pedlar gave the dove a needle, and the dove sang a song.

"Sing again," said the pedlar.

"Give me another needle and I will sing again."

"The pedlar gave the dove another needle, and was repaid by another song."

"The boy's father now went to the mosque,



The Author of the new Book, "In Russian Turkestan," in Sart Dress.

indeed, none could, except it were at second hand. For your Sart is a strict Mohammedan, and his women-folk are jealously veiled when they go abroad. But Miss Meakin takes us "in spirit, where in the body we shall never be permitted to enter," that is, to the only place where a Sart woman may be seen without a veil—her home.

"Every Sart house has two courtyards, round which respectively the men's and the women's apartments are built. These are entirely separate one from the other, and there is only one door or passage to connect the two. The reception room of a Sart lady is at the same time her living room and her bedroom, yet there is seldom in it more than one piece of furniture—a metal-bound trunk, smaller by far than that with which her American sister would set out across the 'herring pond.' Thousands of such trunks are now manufactured annually in Moscow for sale in the bazaars of Turkestan. They are distinguishable from those of native make by their gaudy colouring."

"In a house in Andijan I came across a beautifully-made mulberry-wood trunk, more than a hundred years old, and greatly superior in colour and workmanship to the imported ones. The trunks were often opened for our benefit, and gorgeous silken robes and flashing but often worthless jewellery were displayed before our admiring eyes."

"Their owners would show them to us with evident pleasure, and were nothing loth to do their finery that I might photograph them in it."

A Sart's Childhood.
"The first cradle I saw was in Bokhara; it roused my curiosity, and wondering what the thing could be I pointed to it inquiringly, little dreaming that it contained a baby."

"Great was my astonishment when the proud mother turned back the shawl and lifted her treasure out. What a strange little creature it looked. Though only a few months old, it had on an embroidered cap, as varied in its colours as any I had seen in the bazaar, while its little silk robe was a miniature of that worn by its father, the same material, and the same loose sleeves."

"A child often remains unwashed for three weeks, as there is an idea that washing will hinder its growth. It is to this neglect that many of the diseases found among native children may be attributed."

"When a child has completed its first year, the father shaves off all its hair except two little tufts over its ears. When these grow long they are plaited, and, if it is a girl, an amulet or a string of coral is attached to the ends."

"Until she is seven years old a girl's head is shaved regularly, but after that the hair is allowed to grow. When a boy wears these plaits after five years of age it is because his



Sart Woman with Veil Lifted.

(Native even on the left.)

Emperor of Russia's large estate near Merv. It is superintended by M. Spiridon Tolstoy, one of the Life Guards who stood on the steps of the throne at the coronation of Alexander III. A palatial residence was built and furnished for him in 1902 out of the Emperor's own pocket, and he receives a salary of nine thousand roubles yearly. The labourers on the estate are all Turkomans, who are fast being reclaimed to the ways of civilisation and learning the useful art of agriculture in place of the brigandage in which they no longer have an opportunity to excel; their number on the estate exceeds three thousand. There is a hospital, under the care of a Russian doctor with two trained assistants. The doctor, who escorted us round the neat wards and showed us his operating-room, with its glazed walls and all

and on his way he saw the dove sitting on the tree.

"Sing me a song, O dove," said he.

"First shut your eyes and open your mouth," said the dove.

But when the father shut his eyes and opened his mouth the dove dropped the needle down his throat, and killed him. Then the stepmother came out into the yard to bake bread, and she too noticed the dove.

"Sing to me," said she.

"First shut your eyes and open your mouth," replied the dove.

"So the stepmother shut her eyes and opened her mouth, whereupon the dove dropped the other needle down her throat, and she died too. After that the dove flew down from the tree and turned into a beautiful little boy, to the great delight of his faithful sister."

[illegible]

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Free Gifts. Sizes 38, 40, 42.

ette pocket (as illustration); we shall include with each kind a massive jet, gold-rimmed line bracelet with heart pendant, mounted with pearls and turquoise and scented Forget-me-nots.



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By Mrs.
JACK MAY.

The World of Fashion.

FORM AND FIGURE.

SLIM VERSUS THE STOUT WOMAN.

FROM the many types and styles of women who prevail for the hour, two contrive to stand forth in distinctive prominence. The woman, tall, lissome, and slim, who cheerfully accepts the flat of the full blousee bodice, or coatee, and exploits these at every available opportunity; and she of portly proportions, who sees her sole and solitary salvation reposing in the long, tight-fitting, basqued coat of resuscitated favour, together with the pointed bodice of the Louis XV. period. Well! it is something to the good to have a choice. But, as ever, the slim woman holds the advantage, since subterfuges are always at hand to make up for deficiencies, whereas there are unceasing difficulties attendant on doing away with a superfluity.

A whisper, however, in the ear of she who is slender. The blouse bodice of to-day is an infinitely different thing from its confrere of yesterday, which was frequently quite tentative, often amounting to little more than a pouch. Of course, if dress were ever talked literally, which it never by any chance is, there would be the broadest distinction between the terms pouch and blouse, and it is the latter wherewith we have exclusively to deal this season.

For the Slim Figure.

Since cut is incapable of achieving the soft fold upon fold now decreed, bodices are deliberately fulled upon yoked pieces, the exuberance of the material held in subjection by flat runnings, until such time as it is required to assert its presence. Mounted, as is the invariable rule, on perfectly-modelled close-fitting linings, the draped belt, that adorable completing note, becomes an integral part of this wondrously graceful whole.

Nor has a greater triumph perchance ever been achieved than the manoeuvring of the blousee bodice in velvet, notwithstanding the latter is of mousseline quality. And apropos of velvet, here is a delicious scheme. Reseda for the main colouring, the front of the skirt carrying two deep flounces, set on with innumerable gaugings, and meeting at the back two broad, flat box pleats. This surmounted by one of the above applauded blousee bodices, the fronts hemmed with chinchilla, opening upon a vest of lace, gauged beneath little rouleaux of chinchilla, and finishing at the throat with a turn-down collar of the fur, above which is the throat affectionately enclosed by a clear lace band.

For a wedding, afternoon reception, or small concert, could more distinctive attire be desired, the finishing touch imparted by a handsome stole of chinchilla and picture hat of black silk beaver, plumed with long ostrich feathers, shading off into grey, and then white at the tips.

A Cloth Gown.

Again, a tabac brown souple cloth would be equally desirable, arranged on these habillée lines, with narrow bands of mink and the gauged "gilet" decked with rose velvet rouleaux, and perhaps wide rose velvet turned-back cuffs, hemmed fur, and resting on French hem frills of plissé muslin.

With boleros the general effect aimed at is a squareness, back and front, allied to an appreciably long shoulder line, an end for the most part arrived at through the medium of

an empicement cut in one, without any seams on the shoulder, the sleeve being deftly slipped beneath, and serving to enhance an already sufficiently subtle bit of sartorialism.

It is economy to wear a dainty blouse at the theatre, as when seated one's skirt really does not matter. Admirably suited to such a purpose is one which possesses a swathed zouave and folded circular collar of soft rose coloured satin, edged with white chenille fringe, caught on either side of a square decolletage with big satin choux. The full vest consists of narrow frills of spotted white mousseline de soie, bordered with fringe, above a pointed ceinture of satin, which has sparkling paste buttons placed in a row down the centre, the elbow sleeves revealing draped puffs and deep frills of mousseline and chenille.



THE NEW ARMADILLO - PELERINE BOLERO.

Delightfully expressed in Champagne Cloth Applique, with motifs of darker grey velvet, worked with dull silver, and completed by a tiny grey chenille ball trimming.

excellent effect on the ends of a simple white silk mousseline bow; which bow is as dainty and becoming an accessory as any which could be worn. A more severe but rather smarter form of neck-wear is carried out in antique gold and white brocade, edged with a curved strapping of white

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

A TRIUMPH IN COATS.

How much more intolerable would be the winter season, now invariably meaning a period of rain with just an occasional deceptive frosty day thrown in, if the waterproof coat had not become the particularly smart garment it now is. And to no firm are we more indebted for this development than to Messrs. Elvery, of 31, Conduit-street, London, not only for introducing the smartest models, but for turning them out at prices which seem almost incredible when one considers the perfection of cut, style, and quality of material.

Just now they are offering a special bargain at £1 1s. in three-quarter waterproof coats of a beautiful soft, grey tweed, which simply could not be produced in the ordinary way under £1 10s. The material, a special mixture of silk and wool, and as light as a feather, is in several exclusive designs.

Garment entirely smart and delightful in full length, which would usually cost £1 15s. 6d., may now be bought for £1 5s. 6d.



Smart Rainproof Tweed Coat.

A DESIRABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The dread moment daily draws nearer when the task of selecting Christmas gifts has of necessity to be faced. And bewilderment takes hold of us as to where to go and what to buy, until we come near being driven to the verge of distraction.

Well, now, here is a suggestion, and one that cannot under any circumstances come amiss with the fair sex. A petticoat, dear ladies, a beautiful temptuously-frilled petticoat from Charles Lee, 37-38a, Sloane-street. And there is a tempting offer in connection with this, respecting a top being thrown in if flounces to the value of £5 are purchased. For it may now be chronicled that this desirable gift is the Hildalea jupon, a famed production, with a host of ingenious contrivances in the shape of elastic straps and buttons, and wondrous-shaped hip bands.

Indeed, it would seem to say the last word in the promise of producing a graceful figure, while, on the large reason of having detachable flounces in preference to an ordinary skirt, it is superfluous to dwell.

In respect of these skin-tight tops, there are two new materials to hand, the one a capital fleecy weave, and stretching only the one way, as is the feature of all the stuffs used here for this specific purpose, the other of lighter weight, entitled Elastilise. And on these foundations one can play endless variations in the fashion of flounces, selecting frilled silk affairs for day, and net and lace for evening wear.



A Dainty Petticoat.

IMPORTANT DETAILS.

The cravat continues to carry a particular significance to the up-to-date morning toilette, and spots lead easily in point of decorations, appearing in black velvet with



cloth, this material also forming the cravat ends that terminate in an embroidered appliqué of gold and white.

Other characteristic details are the little hair combs, which become daily more essential to a smart evening coiffure; the demi-toilette especially calling for some hair ornament to give it a more dressy seeming. With a creamy white gown, for instance, is worn a comb of ivory touched with gold and perhaps a few turquoise, as seen in the design shown in our little sketch.

Then waistbands afford another outlet for ingenious invention and good taste. A very dainty corsage belt is illustrated, made of folded taffetas to match the gown, and having eyelet holes at intervals through which a black velvet cord is laced.



Useful Hints for the Housewife.

THE CLEANSING AND CARE OF LINOLEUM AND CARPETS.

LINOLEUM is perhaps the most general floor covering for halls, passages, landings, nurseries, and kitchens. It is made of a paste of pounded cork and linseed oil, and if good the pattern is inlaid. In the cheaper kinds the pattern is only painted on, so that after a short time the design will wear off.

To Preserve the Floor Covering.

Before the linoleum is laid down see that the floor has been scrubbed clean and well dried; otherwise the linoleum will become mouldy from the damp floor. It should be laid down absolutely flat, otherwise it will not wear well. To clean linoleum, first sweep up any loose dirt and dust with a soft brush, as a hard one will scratch the surface; then take a pail with some warm soapy water, wring out a floor flannel in it, and wash a small portion of the floor at a time. Rinse the flannel, soap it afresh, and again rub the linoleum. Then squeeze the soapy water out of the flannel and rub the floor until the linoleum is nearly dry. Polish the surface with a soft dry cloth, and finally, when the whole is washed and dried, give another polish, either with beeswax and turpentine or equal quantities of vinegar and linseed oil, or even with a flannel wrung out in milk.

Beeswax and Turpentine.

If beeswax and turpentine were used and the mixture should cake on the floor a rag dipped in paraffin and rubbed on the spot will remove it. Should the colour of the linoleum be very faded, rub a little vaseline well into it, and polish afterwards with a soft duster, and it is wonderful how the colour is renewed. If linoleum gets very dirty it must be scrubbed, but always use a soft brush for this process.

How to Sweep a Carpet.

In a carpeted room the general rule is to sweep from the fire-place to the door, but that should depend on the way that the carpet is laid down as one should never sweep against the pile of the carpet. To prevent the dust rising whilst sweeping, sprinkle over the floor tea-leaves that have been washed and squeezed nearly dry, and be careful not to tread on them. Americans use torn up paper for this purpose, while Australians prefer fresh cut grass.

To Remove Stains.

Whitewash stains will come out if they are washed with ammonia water. If soot should get on to the carpet, sweep it up lightly and cover the spot with Fuller's earth, then leave it on for a day, and sweep up with a hard brush. For ink stains, rub some salt well into the stain, then wash with warm water. If there is a very bad stain cover it with some milk and let it remain long enough to go

sour; do this at least three times, then sponge with warm water. Another plan is to take up the carpet, put the stained part over a basin, and pour warm milk over it many times. In this way the carpet will be practically renovated.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 20. — PATE DE FOIE GRAS DE STRASBOURG.

By M. HERPIN, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

QUANTITIES.—2 lbs. 3 ozs. goose liver, 1½ lb. fillet of pork, ¾ lb. lean ham (cooked), passed through a mincing machine, pounded in a mortar until very fine, and then passed through a fine sieve, 1 lb. 5 oz. raw truffles, ½ oz. fresh mixed spice (little thyme and bay leaf), ¾ lb. salt, half a glass of old Cognac, half a glass of sherry, quarter of a glass of jelly.

Peel the truffles, trim the goose liver, the fillet of pork, and ham; add the salt, spice, and truffle peelings. The whole lot to be passed through a mincing machine, pounded well, and then passed through a fine sieve.

Season the goose liver, sprinkle with cognac and sherry. Do half the truffles in the same way. The other half to be cut in quarters and left to soak in sherry and brandy for a few hours in a cool place.

Insert in your goose liver the quarters of truffle according to fancy. Butter and flour a raised pie mould and line with the following paste:—

Recipe for the paste:—

1 lb. of flour, salt, 8 ozs. butter, and water to make in a stiff paste.

Let the paste stand for a little while. Then line the mould, and it is ready to garnish.

Take the farce meat, and line your crust rather thickly at the bottom and gradually work your farce meat up the sides so as to form a sort of lining to your crust. Take your pieces of goose liver and lay them in layers until you reach the top of the mould. Do not forget to place a truffle in the centre of every layer, so that when it is cut the truffles may be plainly seen. Care should be taken in filling the mould to bring the meat to a sort of dome shape, when it must be finished off with a layer of farce meat. Wet the sides at the top of the mould and lay a piece of paste over it; the paste on the top should not be too thick. Seal it up well and decorate round the sides the same as you would an ordinary pie. Leave a small hole in the centre of the crust to form a chimney for the steam, and to enable you to feed it with the remains of the sherry and cognac after the first heat is out of it when cooked. The top may be decorated with pastry leaves, allowing that it is always kept dome shape.

Cooked in a moderate oven, the heat should be sufficient to reach the liver in the centre and to cook and colour the crust. When three parts cooked, pour a part of the remaining sherry and brandy through the hole at the top, taking care not to put too much at a time. When the pie is cooked and has cooled a little pour in the rest of the sherry and brandy, also the quarter of a glass of jelly.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 66.—RICE CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS.—Quarter of a pound of rice, half a pound of cold meat, two ounces of beef suet, one tablespoonful each of parsley and onion, one egg, breadcrumbs.

Wash the rice and cook it till soft in boiling salted water. Next chop finely the beef suet, parsley, and onion. Mix these ingredients with the rice, season them with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and add one tablespoonful of stock.

When the mixture is cool shape it into neat cutlets. Brush them over with beaten egg, then cover them with bread-crumbs and fry them in boiling fat a pretty golden brown. Put a small piece of parsley stalk in the tip of each cutlet to represent the bone.

Cost 1s. 8d. for fourteen portions.

No. 67.—SOLE A L'HORLY.

INGREDIENTS.—One large sole, one tablespoonful each of salad oil, tarragon and Chili vinegar, one teaspoonful each of chopped onion and parsley, seasoning.

FOR THE BATTER.—Two and a half ounces of flour, two yolks of eggs, one white of egg, one tablespoonful of salad oil, three tablespoonfuls of milk.

Skin and fillet the sole, cut each fillet in three or four pieces. Mix the oil, vinegars, onion, parsley, and a little salt and pepper on a dish. Lay the sole in this mixture to marinate for about half an hour.

Mix the flour with a little salt, add the yolks of the eggs and the milk, and mix all smoothly.

Beat well and let the batter stand. Add the white of egg whisked to a stiff froth. Lift the fish from the marinade. Dip each piece with a skewer into the batter. Fry them a golden brown in hot fat.

Cost 2s. 10d. for eight portions.

No. 68.—COMPOTE OF PIGEONS.

INGREDIENTS.—Three pigeons, four ounces of fat bacon, one pint of good brown stock, one small carrot, turnip, and onion, two sticks of celery, three mushrooms, a bunch of parsley and herbs, one tablespoonful of flour, a glass of claret or port.

Cut the birds in halves and tie each half neatly in shape with string. Cut the bacon into small pieces, put these in a saucepan, and fry them a pale brown. Next put in the pieces of pigeon and fry them till they are brown on both sides. Next pour the stock into the pan and add also the vegetables and herbs. Put the lid on the pan and let its contents simmer gently for one hour.

Mix the flour smoothly with a little cold water or stock, pour these into the pan with the pigeons, and stir the gravy till it boils. Then add to it the wine and a little colouring if it is necessary. Season the gravy nicely with salt and pepper.

Arrange a round, flat bed of mashed potato on a hot dish, leaving a space of three inches all round the dish. Untie the string from the pieces of pigeon, arrange the halves in a circle on the potato, pressing them slightly down on to it. Strain the gravy round the dish, and in the centre of the pigeons arrange some green peas, which have first been made hot in butter.

Cost 4s. 6d. for six portions.

No. 69.—PISTACHIO SOUFFLES.

INGREDIENTS.—Quarter of a pint of cream, two and a half ounces of white nuts, two whites of eggs, one and a half ounces of castor sugar, quarter of an ounce of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of brandy, orange flower water, green colouring, wine jelly (about half a pint).

Shell, pound, and rub the nuts through a hair or fine wire sieve. Add to them the sugar, brandy, and a few drops of orange flower water.

Whip the cream till it will just hang on the whisk. Add it to the nuts, sugar, etc. Whisk the whites of eggs to a very stiff froth. Dissolve the gelatine in a couple of tablespoonfuls of hot water. Strain it into the cream and nut mixture; if necessary colour it with green colouring. Stir in lightly the whites of eggs. Have ready some fancy ramaquin cases with a band of foolscap paper fastened round the top of each to stand in a dish above it. Pour in the mixture just a little above the edge of the case. Allow it to set. On the top of this mixture pour in (to the depth of three quarters of an inch) some melted wine jelly, in which a very little silver leaf has been stirred. When set, clamp the paper bands with tepid water, draw them off gently, and place one soufflé for each guest on a small ice plate.

Cost 1½ for eight portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

*Rice Cutlets. Soused Mackerel.
Toasted Ham with Poached Eggs. Chicken Sausage.
Savoury Omelet.

LUNCH.

*Sole à l'Horly. Haricot Purée.
Sardine Sandwiches.
Stuffed Mushrooms. Veal Cutlets.
Curate Puddings with Sweet Sauce.
Scotch Woodcock.

COLD DISHES.

Cold Beef with French Salad.
Chicken Pie. Pressed Pork.

TEA.

Shrimp and Cress Sandwiches.
"Maid of Honour." Mocha Cake.
Toasted Scones.

DINNER.

Soup.
Consommé with Italian Paste.
Palestine Soup.

*Fish.
Lobster Cake. Whiting à la Française.

Entrées.
*Complète of Pigeons.

Fillet of Beef à la Toulon.

Leg of Mutton. Ducks with Apple Sauce.

Game.
Partridge Soufflé. Teal stuffed with Olives.

Vegetables.
Seakale à l'Anglaise. Potato Ribbons.

*Pistachio Soufflés. Apple Meringue.

Savouries.
Sardine Canapés. Yarmouth Straws.

Ice.
Apricot Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.



The DAILY TIME-SAVER



PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Halibut.	Dory.	Mackerel.
Herring.	Cod.	Brill.
Turbot.	Whitebait.	Whiting.
Soles.	Lemon Soles.	Plaice.
Oysters.	Dublin Prawns.	Shrimps.
Beef.	Mutton.	Pork.
Veal.	Poultry and Game.	
Turkeys.	Ducks.	Geese.
Pigeons.	Rabbits.	Powls.
Quails.	Teal.	Partridges.
Grouse.	Pheasants.	
Artichokes.	Cardoons.	Celery.
Asparagus.	New Potatoes.	Spinach.
French Beans.		
English Hothouse Beans.		
Corn Salad.	Marrows.	Seakale.
Lettuces.	Artichokes.	Small Cress.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples.	Custard Apples.	Figs.
Grapes.	Grape Fruit.	Melons.
Persimmons.	Plums.	Pineapples.
Quinces.	Oranges.	Mangoes.
	Marrows Glacés.	

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
Roman Hyacinths. Narcissus.
Scarlet Geraniums.
Violets. Chrysanthemums.
Smilax. Maidenhair.
Yellow and Red Ranunculus.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Poinsettias.
Eucalyptus Plant and Flowers.
Tiny Pots of Four-leaved Shamrock.
Pelargoniums. Frezias.
Palms.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Monday evening.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a price of One Guinea for the best cooking recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard, and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 8, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 26th.

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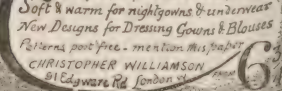
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SEE THIS DAINTY COLLECTION—COMPARE PRICES



WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

"SPIDER WAISTS."

How Corsets Do Harm.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I read with some amusement your correspondent "Experiment's" letter. I could not help thinking what a curious figure he must look with an "18-inch" waist, but then I suppose his chest measurement corresponds in size—a fine, manly athletic figure truly!

It is a well-known fact that the medical profession are entirely against the practice of wearing corsets, and I agree with them that a corset must have an injurious effect on the internal organs—as far as my own sex is concerned, anyway.

All I can say is, that since I gave up wearing a corset I have been far healthier and stronger in every way, much better fitted to take part in all healthy exercise, such as walking, cycling, and hockey.

When I first grew up I was troubled with a weak back, and was advised to attend a gymnasium class; that was the beginning. I gave up the corset, and though I missed the artificial support just at first, it was not long before my back grew quite strong, as the muscles found room to develop. Constant rowing without a corset also strengthened it, so that I had no need for the artificial support that some women think so necessary.

As to comfort, it is simply delightful—the feeling of freedom in every movement, besides being pleasantly cool in summer-time. Of course, all garments must hang from the shoulders. This gives an easy grace to a woman's figure, and tends to tire her far less than when hung from the hips. It is quite possible, even with the present eccentric fashions, to look smart and neat without a corset; in fact, I do not know any woman whose figure would not be improved by the absence of the unnatural corset, while many women would improve in the matter of health.—Yours, etc.,

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

50, Leeson Park, Dublin.

Women Who Do Not Suffer.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

As to the supposed evils of small waists, a little experience is worth a great deal of

theorising. When I left a fashionable boarding school some twenty-five years ago I had a waist of barely over fifteen inches, which had been made by a rigorous and systematic course of "figure training." And yet I have suffered no more than nine out of ten women from the ailments to which flesh (and feminine flesh in particular) is heir.

My two eldest daughters are fine specimens of English girlhood, and though they wear "seventeens," are not one whit less graceful (but indeed more so) than their hockey-playing friends, nor less active or healthy. I have retained a nineteen-inch waist all these years and although my figure is, of course, not so slight as once it was, I can, for extra smart occasions, wear "seventeens" without discomfort.

A small waist has a powerful and esoteric attraction for most men of refinement, and doubtless is the reason why tight-lacing has had so many revivals, and corset wearing has survived all the numberless attacks made upon it from time to time ever since the Middle Ages.—Yours truly,

A MOTHER OF FIVE.

Bournemouth.

Why Not Smaller Heads?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

"Experiment" has succeeded in reducing the size of his waist to less than one half its natural area.

As I understand the subject, it is merely the question of "squeezing out all vacant spaces" that determines the limit of this ridiculous practice.

I have no doubt that if those who succeed in an abnormal degree were to apply a similar test to their "heads" they would soon be able to wear hats of one half the size.

Uplands, near Llanelli. W. J. REES.

Queen Alexandra's Example.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Permit me to enter a protest against the views of "Experiment," and to beg that no woman will be so cruel towards herself, not to mention the rising generation, as to ever attempt to reduce her natural size by over-enrichment!

It cannot be too often repeated that, in

countries where no corsets are worn, consumption and cancer are alike unknown.

Nor must it be forgotten that, when waists were worn small a quarter of a century ago, our present beloved Queen steadily maintained her ideal of natural grace and dignity, as opposed to artificiality and affectation.

To this, in no small degree, she owes her perpetual youth and activity, as do also other members of the Royal Family.

Hythe, Kent.

COMMON SENSE.

A Man's Experience.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

As a mere man, I read "Experiment's" letter in Saturday's issue with almost incredulity.

There is little doubt a large proportion of men wear corsets, and that the proportion is increasing. I have worn them for some time myself, and they have become to me a necessary comfort; but I have never attempted tight-lacing, and cannot imagine the attempt could be other than serious to one's health.

Perhaps "Experiment" might explain if he had recourse to baths, etc., to help him in the reduction, and also it would be interesting to know where he obtained his corsets.

The few firms I know of endeavour to make you purchase "men's corsets"—an abomination to the eye—or hand you over to a male assistant, who knows nothing about them, a distinct objection.—Yours truly,

R. S. V. P.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

Science or Religion.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Religion is a wide term which is ever being stretched wider by those who would enclose in its limits and jealously keep caged the whole world of ethics and character.

This stretching process however, is surely and steadily thinning and weakening the line of its ramparts and through the breaches caused all along the line escape the many who hate the insatiable closeness of the fold and pine for the fresh air and wider atmosphere of the world of nature outside.

The term "Religion" as bandied about in all these controversies on the education question simply means nothing more nor less than creed and dogma dished up in numberless forms by its numberless sectarian teachers.

Now what do we want with such "religion" in our day schools? Surely Sunday schools ought to be all that is needed, and then every one can have his say and teach what he likes, and all this hubbub will settle down or blow over.

If, however as J. R. Chiltz says, Sunday schools are powerless to cope against the evils of an "irreligious atmosphere," what greater

proof can we require to convince us that sectarian religious instruction is of no use at all anywhere.

Then again, if the absence of religious instruction in schools causes this "irreligious atmosphere," what are the parents about? They must have received a religious education of some sort, or they would not be able to express any opinion about it one way or another. What good has it been to them if they cannot bring up their children righteously and teach them how to become good, true, honest, and enlightened men and women?

Let our children be taught the religion of a Truth pure and simple, which can be proved from Science and demonstrated by Nature, the morality of which can have no surer guide than that natural instinct we all possess by the name of Conscience.

Such a study of incontrovertible Truth will teach our children to be true to themselves, to stand alone and strong, to build up their own characters, to make their own noble ideals, and live up to them if they choose.

Strip religion of its dogma and open wide to it the portals of the universe of Truth, and the untruths of its creeds and contradictions of its priest-hoods will fade in the pure light of a day that always was and ever will be, and then, and not till then, will a fuller understanding of the mysteries and purposes of life at last dawn upon the child who, after all, is the father to the man.

F. K. GREGORY.

Burley, Hants.

£500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*.

We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - - £500.

For the Second Best - - - £250.

Eighty other Suggestions - - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,

THE DAILY MIRROR,

2, Carmelite-street,

LONDON, E.C.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXII.

Continued.

AS for Martia herself, the sight of Colonel Joscelyn in such an unexpected and sudden manner filled her for the moment with nothing but surprise, and she merely exclaimed, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world:—

"How do you do, Colonel Joscelyn?" and held out her hand, which he took in an embarrassed fashion, looking gravely into her eyes all the while.

"You are well?" he said.

"Yes. And you?"

"Quite fit. And Sir John Chesney?"

"You wouldn't know him," she said, brightly. "But who would have thought of seeing you here! Where are you staying?"

"At Les Empereurs," he said. "And you?"

"Hotel de Paris, at Mentone. We've been there all the winter." Then, without thinking what she was saying, she added, "You must call and see us. My father-in-law will be very pleased."

That was all they said then, because Martia was keeping her friends waiting.

They met again two or three days afterwards—this time in Mentone. Colonel Joscelyn was driving a splendid pair of high-metred chestnuts in a light, spidery phaeton through the Rue St. Michael. Martia was buying carnations at a little shop in the same street. They saw each other simultaneously, and Colonel Joscelyn pulled up.

"Were you coming to see us?" she asked, quite naturally.

"No," he answered, with truth. "But I will, if you like. I was thinking of driving to Bordighera."

"It must be splendid to go behind that pair," she exclaimed.

"I wonder," he said, "whether you would care to come. We should be back by six."

"It would be grand!" she said, enthusiastically. "May I?"

But she regretted her words as soon as they had been spoken. It was as if at that moment a great rush of memories broke the flood gates of her brain and transported

her for an instant to that ugly drawing-room in the cottage at Torhampton, where they had last met. She had been wildly hysterical then, and had talked of doing absurd things. She blushed with shame, not at the change that the six months had wrought in her, but at the memory of what she had said then. In that moment she realised with a curious sense of confusion and instability that something had happened, something quite unsuspected and far-reaching. She was not now the Martia Chesney of those days. She was another woman, and the woman of those days was a stranger to her, even as the time itself, that now seemed so very long ago though in reality it was but a few short months, was like a remembrance of a play she had witnessed or a story she had read.

The change had not come suddenly; it had been working slowly and steadily, though unsuspectedly, all the time; it was only the discovery and the realisation that were sudden.

She had no time for speculation or introspection then. She must either make herself look ridiculous, or accept his invitation—the invitation which she remembered with a pang had been almost solicited by herself.

She never knew how it happened, or how she got into the phaeton; before she realised it she was being borne swiftly through the narrow ugly main street beside Colonel Joscelyn.

A groom in very plain livery sat in a little projecting perch behind them. The Colonel's voice brought her down to the mundane plane of things again.

"I must congratulate you, Mrs. Chesney," he said, "on the possession of such a brave and brilliant soldier for a husband."

"Yes," she answered, a little nervously, "isn't he splendid?"

"The news from India is better every day," he said. "I suppose the warriors will soon be coming home to celebrate their triumphs."

"Do you think so?" she asked, he thought, without enthusiasm. "Have you seen to-day's news?"

"To-day's is yesterday's here, you know; but I fear it is true about poor Portsmouth."

"What about him?" she asked quickly.

"He is dead," he said gravely. "It is hard luck. He was a mere boy, and a good one."

"Is there anything else?" she asked, with a little catch in her rich voice.

"No," he said. "I think the fighting is all over. But I did not mean to depress you, Mrs. Chesney. I thought you would have known. By the way," he added, "you are looking extremely well. Mentone agrees with you."

She looked up suddenly into his grave, bronzed face. It seemed to her that there was something of reproach in his tone; but his eyes told her nothing. He looked straight ahead and paid close attention to the horses.

What must he be thinking of her? She

only just realised the position, and a poignant sense of embarrassment overcame her; but it was but momentary. After all, she asked herself, why should she fear his criticism? Was she always to remain as she was six months ago? She had developed, progressed, and time had worn the sharp edges from the memory of that horrible thing. Did he expect her to live her life a walking tragedy, mourning over the ashes of a thing that was dead and could never be recalled, a thing that was done and past mending? A little flame of resentment rose in her soul. She was on the point of saying something, making some reference to that time and even venturing some sort of defence or apology, when the Colonel spoke again, and his words brought about a sudden revulsion of feeling. He evidently meant to treat that time as dead and forgotten. It had been wiped out, as it were, and they met now as acquaintances, or as friends, with whom no tragic secret existed, or had ever existed. The other thought had been a morbid fancy on her part, bred of the sudden and unexpected position thus thrust upon her.

Colonel Joscelyn found his companion inclined to be silent; but he made up amply for Martia's taciturnity and chattered consistently and interestingly on a variety of topics, and in time she responded to this attitude. They talked of London and of Paris, and he told her the names of various strange trees and creepers they passed, and told her stories of the Cornice Road and of Monte Carlo, and compared the advantages of Cairo and Algiers and the French Riviera as winter resorts. In short, they made polite and conventional conversation, and Colonel Joscelyn revealed himself to the girl who had only known him as the type of an evil and unprincipled man of the world, or in that brief melodramatic interlude as a man who could be a giant in strength and unselfishness, and as gentle as a father with his child, as a man of wide knowledge, of an infinity of tastes, and exceptional charm. It was another Paul Joscelyn, even as it was another Martia Chesney, that drove down the steep hill over the Pont St. Louis that afternoon, and entered the boundaries of Mentone.

Colonel Joscelyn drove her to the door of the Hotel de Paris.

Sir John Chesney was sitting out in the garden, with an English newspaper, and appeared very pleased to see the Colonel. The two men chatted together for a few minutes, and then Colonel Joscelyn drove off to Monte Carlo.

"I have enjoyed the drive immensely," said Martia. "It was awfully good of you to take me. Au revoir."

As he drove swiftly up and down hill, almost recklessly though the English groom who did not know Napoleonic roads as well as his master, some words of hers kept repeat-

ing themselves with mocking insistency in his brain.

"We are only postponing the inevitable reckoning. One day I shall have to stand before the world as the murderer of Lewis Detmold!"

He had declared then, as he would declare now, or at any future time, that such a thing was weak and absurd, and that she was no more the murderer of Lewis Detmold than he was himself; but that she should ever have said such a thing in the light of what he had seen that afternoon gave him cause for much thought.

"I never thought," he said to himself, "that six months would do it."

It was not with any wilful desire to deceive her husband that Martia refrained from mentioning the fact that she had met Colonel Joscelyn, or that she had let him take her for a long drive. She had wanted to do so; but had decided that the information was superfluous, and would require too much explanation.

Neither was it with any wilful desire to cause mischief that a certain young lady staying in Mentone, in a letter to a subaltern in the 22nd Hussars, mentioned that she had seen Colonel Joscelyn driving Mrs. Philip Chesney that afternoon.

Yet, for all that, the result long afterwards was precisely as if both women had done what they did from the ignoble motives they would have scorned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Riviera had been Jacqueline's idea. She had set her mind upon it, and had gone so far as to enlist the services of the family doctor, who gave it as his firm opinion that a winter in the south would do her a lot of good. Nobody, least of all Lady Dexter, had ever suspected that she wanted doing any good to. Jacqueline agitated from about a fortnight before Christmas until the middle of February before she got her way.

Of course Lady Dexter's only objection, if objection it could be called, was on the score of money. The Riviera was an expensive place, and the journey a dear one, while it meant, apart from anything else, a stock of hats and frocks for the girls, if not for herself. Still, for all that, Jacqueline's idea appealed to her, and she cried at the seeming impossibility of its consummation.

As for Claudia, she was inwardly agitated and outwardly indifferent. She had a very matter-of-fact mind when it came to the level of pounds, shillings, and pence; and, whatever the attractions of Cannes or Mentone might be, and Martia did much to insist on the latter, Claudia realised the futility of it as far

Continued on Page 14.

Our Small Advertisements to-day appear on this page, the next, also on Page 16.

Advertisements of

DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS, EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED, APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED, HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS AND PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS,

are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO.

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references, and has on its books a large number of servants whose characters have been investigated by the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. The Bureau has also a register of many employers requiring servants. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

BUTLER-VALET; disengaged; age 24; £26-£30; German-S. 14, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2179

BUTLER-VALET; age 24; £26-£30; disengaged now—Kilnash, 45, Howland-street, W.C. 2180

COACHMAN (experienced); age 27; 25s-30s; 6 weeks; excellent references—30, Bruton-street, W. 3208

GARDENER's place or other outdoor work in country—Lyon, The Manor House, Linspeid, 3228

Lady's Maid.

YOUNG ladies' or children's maid; disengaged; £16-18; town—Minter, 135, Chesham-road, Stratford, Essex. 3225

Cooks.

COOK (lady); now at liberty; aged 29; £50-£60; Kitchenmaid and Scullerymaid required—305, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st. 3205

COOK; wages £30; Church; good references—T. 11, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-st. 3206

COOK; wages £25; with good references—T. 9, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-st. 3207

SITUATIONS WANTED.

(Continued.)

COOK, capable, experienced in farm and dairy work; age 36; single woman; country preferred; good references; please state particulars and wages—S. 15, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2183

COOK (good) wants temporary place; 10s-12s; weekly; good references—S. 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2175

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER and young House-parlourmaid; disengaged; £20 and £18; Bosanko, 11, Holly-road, Chiswick. 3222

Housekeepers.

ADVERTISER seeks situation as working 1. housekeeper or useful help; thoroughly reliable; good manager; excellent references—359, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3234

HOUSEKEEPER-COOK requires post in business house where she can live; £20-0 9 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3222

HOUSEKEEPER or Useful Companion; age 40; £20-25; good references—H. 8, 2, Vinery-villas, St. John's Wood, N.W. 2194

HOUSEKEEPER or Maid Housekeeper; age 36; £35-40—B. 8, Jue-street, Battersea-park. 3222

MAID-HOUSEKEEPER; wages £35-40; good references; very superior; R. C. 12, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. 3222

SITUATIONS WANTED.

(Continued.)

Housemaid.

HOUSEMAID, age 25; £18-£20. Hotel references; will take private—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3222

Chambermaid.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, age 26; £18; good references—O 81, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3222

General Servants.

FRENCH LADY desires Useful Help's place; £24; no English—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3222

USEFUL Help disengaged—age 43; £20; ex-cook housekeeper—282, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3222

Stillroom Maid.

STILL ROOM 1st; wages 10s. to 15s.; splendid hotel references—T. 5, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. 3222

Parlourmaid.

PARLOURMAID, General, or Cook; daily work—K. 31, Delamere-terrace, Paddington Green. 2195

SITUATIONS WANTED.

(Continued.)

Nurses.

MATERNITY Nurse (certificated Queen Charlotte's Hosp.) now disengaged. Highest references, six guineas. —Nurse Edwards, 7, Norfolk-avenue, Southend. 2191

NURSE-ATTENDANT or housekeeper; age 36; £26-£30; personal reference—Conach, 45, Baker-street, W. 3202

SUPERIOR Children's Nurse; take baby from the month, age 28; £30; good references—302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

Governesses.

GOVERNESS or Companion, age 43; £60; three years reference; any post of trust—293, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

GOVERNESS to young children; kindergarten; age 37; £30-35—295, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

GOVERNESS; entire charge two girls, 4 and 6; French essential; London and country; wanted immediately—358, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3223

NURSERY Governess, Norwegian; Protestant; age 26; £20; good references—292, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

Hotels and Boarding Houses.

MANAGERESS for boarding-house, age 37; £45; New Bond-street, W. 3202

MANAGERESS, experienced, for hotel; age 37; £50; good references—519, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

PORTER (hotel); wages 10s.; good reference—T. 2, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. 3202

STAFFMAID; wages, £18; good references; S. London—T. 10, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. 3202

Waitresses.

HOUSE-WAITRESS; 1½ years' reference; age 30; £20; disengaged—503, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

WAITRESS for tea-room, thoroughly experienced—£20; now disengaged—302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

WAITRESS; wages £16 18s.; excellent character—T. 1, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. 3202

WAITRESS; wages 8s.; references—T. 1, "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. 3202

Companion.

EXPERIENCED lady requires post as Companion to young lady; Parisian French; £75; go-a-traveller—305, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

SITUATIONS WANTED.

(Continued.)

Miscellaneous.

ACCOMPANIST and coach to pupils wishing to practice, or to artists—Mrs. Symonds-Findal, 13, Old Burlington-street, W. 3202

GENERAL CLERK, middle aged, good address, competent, reliable, seeks situation; good refs.; wages 20s.—N. 56, London-road, Clapton. 3202

MARRIED couple; French; any capacity—Faulstich, 13, New Compton-street. 3202

WANTED, by elderly couple, as caretakers, place, of trust, husband as gardener; good references—B. 13, Basing-road, Peckham. 3202

WOMAN wants charring or office cleaning—E. T. 1, Cross-road, Wimbledon. 3202

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Menservants.

FOOTMAN (Young), single-handed, for London; £20; all found—9, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3202

INDOOR MAN SERVANT Wanted after Christmas, smart and up to his work; three servants; two in family; state wages and full particulars; letters only—M. 4, Templeton-place, Earl's-court, S.W. 3202

Cooks.

COOK (good), for country, at once—Mrs. Sewell, Kipping-place, Kipping. 3133

COOK and House-parlourmaid required by 300; out at £30; £6; kitchenmaid kept—274, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3202

COOK, experienced, wanted; £40-£50; kitchenmaid kept—£40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3202

COOK, good plain; h.p. maid kept; four in family; state wages—356, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3219

COOK (plain) and House-parlourmaid; £18-274, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3219

COOK (good plain) wanted; £20; flat—Mrs. Stimmis, 19, Buckingham-street, Strand. 3223

COOK (good plain) wanted at once; 25s-30s; wages £20—Mrs. Newbury, 5, Barton-road, West Dulwich. 3192

COOK (good plain); good references; £22-26—Mrs. Lamb, 18, Thurlow-road, Hampstead. 3223

COOK (good, plain) wanted for small family; parlourmaid and housemaid kept—Call before 12 or after six, Mrs. Thomson, 23, Carlton-hill, N.W. 2174

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Continued from Page 13.

as they were concerned. She told Jacqueline so once, but Jacqueline only cynically reminded her that their poverty was directly attributable to her, and that, if she had married Verulam before he had gone away, all would have been different. When she expressed her views to her mother on the subject Lady Dexter wept, and said that it was the dream of her life to spend another winter on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, where Claudia's dear father had died, but she supposed she would never go there again. Hers was a hard lot. She was doomed to end her days in perpetual drudgery for the sake of her two daughters.

And Claudia understood in every word a veiled reproach. Jacqueline said what she meant. Her mother did not mean what she said. It would have been better if Lady Dexter had plainly said, "All this hardship is your fault. You should have married Verulam."

But one day, early in February, Lord Clowes called, and mentioned incidentally that he had, after much deliberation and discussion, consented to follow out his doctor's advice and go to Mentone.

It was more than human patience could stand, and Jacqueline gave vent to her idea, while Lady Dexter pathetically talked of the financial impossibilities of the thing. All the time Claudia kept silent, biting her lip and flushing with shame. The next day it was as she expected and feared. Lord Clowes called again, and insisted on her walking round the lawn with him, though it was bitterly cold.

"Claudia," he said, in a voice that Jacqueline, who was listening at the French window of the dining-room, heard distinctly, "Claudia, my dear, I have to make a proposition. I speak to you because you are, as it were, one of the family; and, moreover, I am sure, dear, Verulam would wish it."

She knew what was coming, and longed to flee. The position was as degrading as it was false. She flushed crimson, and listened.

"I look upon you, my dear," said Lord Clowes, in his loud, harsh voice, that he seemed quite incapable of moderating, "I look upon you as my daughter-in-law. In the ordinary course of events you will marry Verulam, and therefore I am only anticipating events by treating you as such. Now it's a delicate matter—money."

"Yes," she said, huskily; and, to herself, "yes, it is always money." She would like to have told him then, once and for all, what she thought, told him that she prayed that she might never be called upon again to fulfil her promise to marry Verulam. Oh, she was horribly weak, and she hated herself for her weakness! Lord Clowes smiled benignantly. "It's about the Riviera," he said, bluntly. "Now I want you all to go. It will do your mother a lot of good, and you, too. Besides,

I should like to see you there. Verulam would like it. There, you understand, don't you?" "You mean, I suppose," she said almost fiercely, "that you are going to pay for us?" "Dear me, no," exclaimed Lord Clowes, with a raucous chuckle. "I simply make a suggestion."

"But why to me? Why don't you speak to mother?" "Because," said Lord Clowes, "I'm giving you a little present. Here it is. I make no stipulations, you understand? You can do exactly what you like. I only made a suggestion." As he spoke, he pressed an envelope into her hand. She took it mechanically.

"It's a shame," she murmured. "You are very kind. It isn't fair, it isn't fair. Ugh! I am contemptible." "Tut! tut!" roared his lordship. "Come, my dear, let's get back into the house! It's colder out here than I thought."

Jacqueline at the window had caught sight of the envelope, and had given vent to a little cry of triumph, as she tore across the hall to her mother in the drawing-room. "Hurrah! It's all right," she whispered, excitedly. "We've done the trick. I wonder how much he's given her!"

"Hush!" gasped Lady Dexter. "For goodness sake, child—"

"Oh, don't you trouble," cried Jacqueline. "I shan't give the game away. I hope he's turned up handsomely. He's in a good temper to-day, isn't he, mother?" "Jacqueline!"

When Lord Clowes and Claudia entered, Jacqueline was demurely reading a magazine, and Lady Dexter was poking the fire. Lord Clowes left soon after that, and when he had gone Claudia went to her own room and opened the envelope. It contained a cheque on Lord Clowes' bankers for five hundred pounds.

She had hardly realised this when Jacqueline entered the room without knocking.

"Oh, Claudia," she said, meekly, "I'm so upset. Mother's definitely put her foot down on the Riviera, and—but a cheque? Why Claudia!"

"Lord Clowes," said Claudia, "has decided to further pauperise us. He has just given me this."

"Five hundred pounds! Claudia!"

"It is for you and mother to say whether I keep it or give it back to him."

And so it was that Lady Dexter and her daughters followed Lord Clowes to Mentone.

They stayed at the Hotel de Paris, and Claudia and Claudia arranged to have rooms on the same landing, so as to facilitate frequent intercourse.

Lord Clowes was staying at the same hotel, and spent all day and a good part of the night in theological discussion with his Papist relative, as he called Sir John Chesney.

"My dear," exclaimed Claudia, when she and Martia were alone for the first time after their meeting, "how well you look!"

"Yes, I'm horribly healthy," laughed Martia.

"And changed, too, somehow," mused Claudia, regarding Martia with a close, puzzled scrutiny. "Yes, changed. I don't know quite how, but there is something different. What is it?"

Martia laughed merrily. "Really, I don't know. I assure you I haven't dyed my hair, or found it necessary to use cosmetics; and I do my hair in the same way, too, don't I?"

"I don't think it's your hair," said Claudia, "it's yourself. I think you seem happier—as if, well, as if you had had a weight lifted from your mind, don't you know. I'm very silly; but really it struck me at once."

"We haven't seen each other for six months, you know," said Martia quickly.

"Not since the regiment sailed. By the way, you must miss Captain Chesney?"

Martia shrugged her shoulders. "Of course I miss him," she said; "but one gets used to everything. By the way, from what I hear, they'll soon be coming home again."

"Have you heard it officially?" asked Claudia faintly. The return of the 22nd Hussars meant the return of Verulam, and that meant—for her—the end of everything.

"I heard it from someone who seems to know from headquarters," answered Martia. "I often see Colonel Joscelyn here."

"Colonel Joscelyn! Our Colonel Joscelyn? Is he here?"

"Yes. He is staying at Monte Carlo," said Martia.

"Why, all the world is here!" exclaimed Claudia.

"He drives a splendid pair in a little light, foreign-looking arrangement," said Martia. "He drove me to Bordighera the other afternoon. By the way, he is dining with the pater to-night. You'll see him."

Claudia looked at Martia closely, but she did not say anything for the moment. Perhaps she was thinking of the things she had heard concerning the character of Colonel Joscelyn, and the things she knew concerning the character of Martia Chesney. "It is strange," she said, "how completely everyone has forgotten the Detmold business, isn't it?"

"Why strange?" asked Martia, with, so Claudia thought, a hard little laugh. "Surely, if they couldn't find a new topic in six months—"

"Oh, I know, but then, you see, everybody now knows that Colonel Joscelyn had to give up the Army because of it."

"And do you think he is—well, the sort of man they say he is?"

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "I only know," she said, "that Colonel Joscelyn and I got on very well together."

Which meant, whatever Lady Claudia Waynefleet might think, or wish to say, that that was the end of the matter.

The next day Martia, walking alone from the town, where she had been to buy a novel, saw a man coming towards her whose face seemed strangely familiar to her, yet she could not recall it for the moment. It was a handsome face, with well-cut features; and his dark, olive skin and black hair were in keeping with the brilliant Southern sunshine.

The young man was well-dressed in light grey tweeds, and wore a Panama hat. He had noticed her and recognised her first. His handsome face lit up with a strangely infectious smile, but it died almost as soon as it had come, when he encountered the look of blank surprise on her face; and he would have passed her, had she not stopped and impetuously said: "I know you; but, for the life of me, I can't remember your name!"

The infectious smile returned, and the young man raised his hat.

"Mrs. Chesney," he said, and, at the sound of his voice, she gave vent to a little cry of recognition, "you were once good enough to perform a very skillful surgical operation upon me in a railway train."

To be Continued To-morrow.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

"LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY."

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.
